

# TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 4.  
APR.-MAY

LN 10

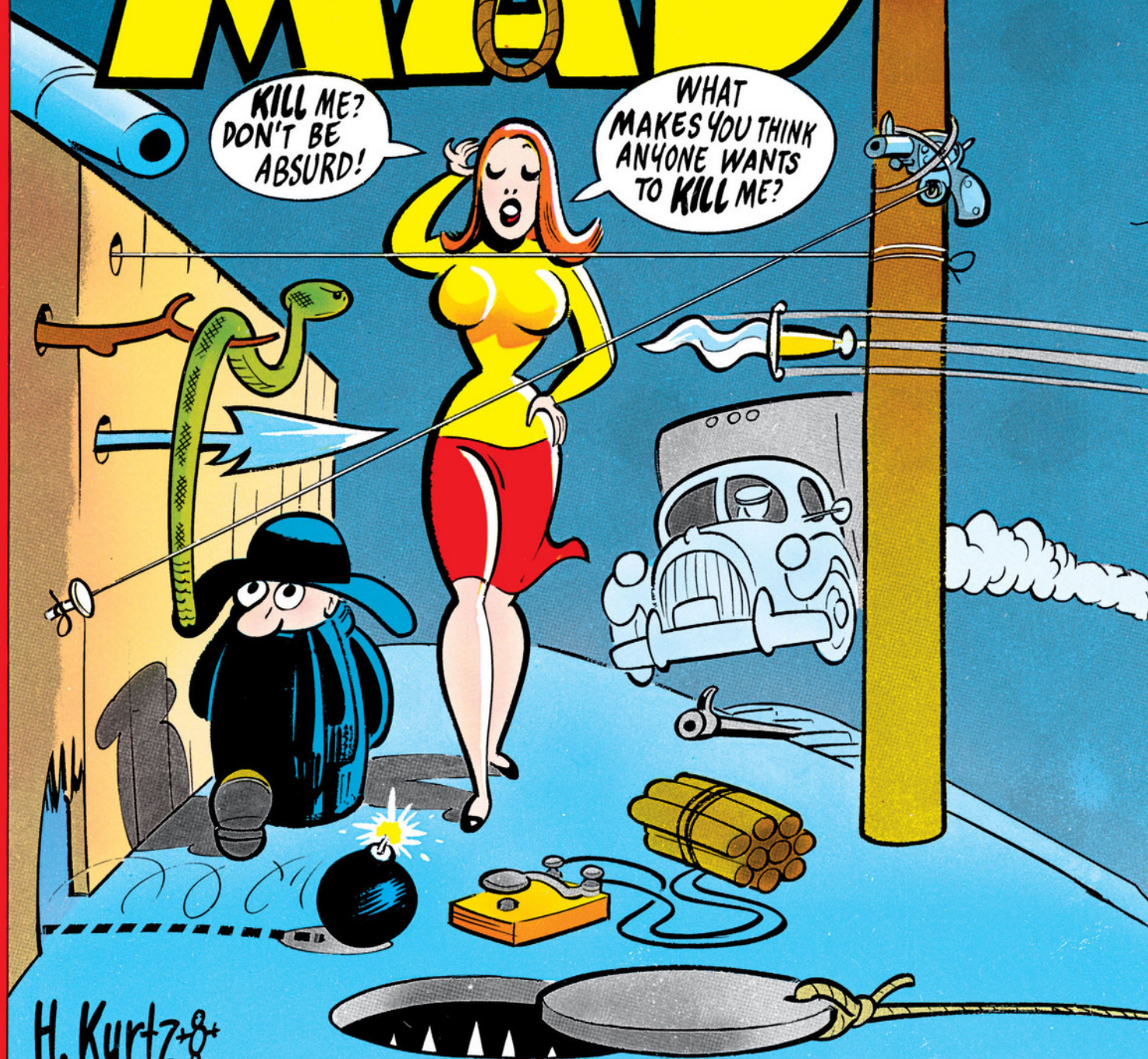


10¢

# MAD

KILL ME?  
DON'T BE  
ABSURD!

WHAT  
MAKES YOU THINK  
ANYONE WANTS  
TO KILL ME?



H. Kurtz & Co.



# MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

Why not have a letter page? MAD No. 2 had nothing!

Jimmy Phelan  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

We will, Jimmy, from now on. MAD No. 2 had no letter page because at the time the mag went to the engravers, MAD No. 1 had not yet hit the stands ... therefore no mail!—editors.

Dear Editors,

You ask for it, and Brotherrrr! you are going to get it. Educational, entertaining, humorous? No. Your "brain-child" is none of these. In fact, it is plain rot. If my brains had so little to offer, I would blow them out if I could find them. We have four boys bringing in so-called "funny books," and I usually glance over them to weed out those that are downright detrimental, and have found some disgusting books. But never one that seemed to have no purpose or excuse for going on, than this one of yours. When will editors and publishers get over the idea that the public are morons, and not capable of understanding good literature? I consider it an insult to children to put out such trash for the feeding of the mind. My neighbors agree with me on this, and I hope many parents will be as frank as I have been in answering your request for criticism. Television programs are bad enough, but one can turn them off and forget it. The ash-heap for MAD.

Mrs. C. Peterson  
Oakland, Calif.

... I am a university student (UCLA) and usually restrict my selection of comic books to the intellectual comics (i.e. Pogo, Little Lulu), but the cover of MAD caught my eye the other day. I bought a copy and was very pleased with the contents. Your merciless spoofing of horror, future, and crime comics was as welcome as Airwick in the packing house district. I strongly urge you to continue publication of this comic ... Still don't understand your weird subscription rates ... six issues for 75c ... when a discount is usually given on subscriptions. I am enclosing one buck, however, for six issues, since I don't have any quarters handy. With your set-up, this will probably entitle me to only four issues.

Martin McReynolds  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reader McReynolds will be surprised to get his 25c change! Our rates for subscriptions are higher than single copy rates as we mail each mag out in a strong manila envelope to assure its arrival in good condition! We offer subscriptions only as a SERVICE ... we LOSE a little money on the deal!—ed.

Dear Editors,

The copy of Mad No. 2 arrived about 2 P.M. This thing is positively priceless. I was under the impres-

sion that the first issue was something of a classic. I was wrong! This issue reached a high that I shamefacedly admit I didn't think even E.C. capable of reaching. I know why I'm crazy over MAD. I know why I'm crazy period.

Larry Stark  
New Brunswick, N. J.

... Why is it that you are the only mag in the world my mother will read?

Melvyn Davees  
Dunn, N. C.

... If I created a "dream" comic, it would come out like MAD. I'm in Korea, and we don't get much reading material. I really think you have a fine comic here, and I hope I never miss a copy.

A/3c Angelo T. Boni  
c/o P.M., San Fran., Calif.

... This issue of MAD is beyond words. We especially like the drawings by Wood. Keep up the good work.

Cadet Pvt. Paul Isaacs  
Gainesville, Ga.

... Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in "Gook-um" (Mad No. 2).

Carole Luis  
N. Y. C.

At any Martian pet-shop for 40 shmetniks!—ed.

Before closing, in answer to complaints from many readers, a few words about the unavailability of MAD and other E.C. mags on the newsstands! As we've mentioned previously, there are over 500 different comic mags being published. The wholesalers are jammed up, and the retailers simply cannot properly handle this impossible number of titles. Consequently, in desperation, many newsdealers are returning bundle after bundle of comic mags to their wholesalers UN-OPENED! Some of these bundles contain said newsdealers' quotas of E.C.'s ... this makes it next to impossible for you to obtain your copy, and at the same time makes it next to impossible for us to sell magazines! ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO MAKE SURE TO DISPLAY HIS QUOTA OF E.C. MAGAZINES. IF HE DOES NOT HAVE ANY, ASK HIM TO ORDER THEM FROM HIS WHOLESALER. HIS WHOLESALER HAS THEM!

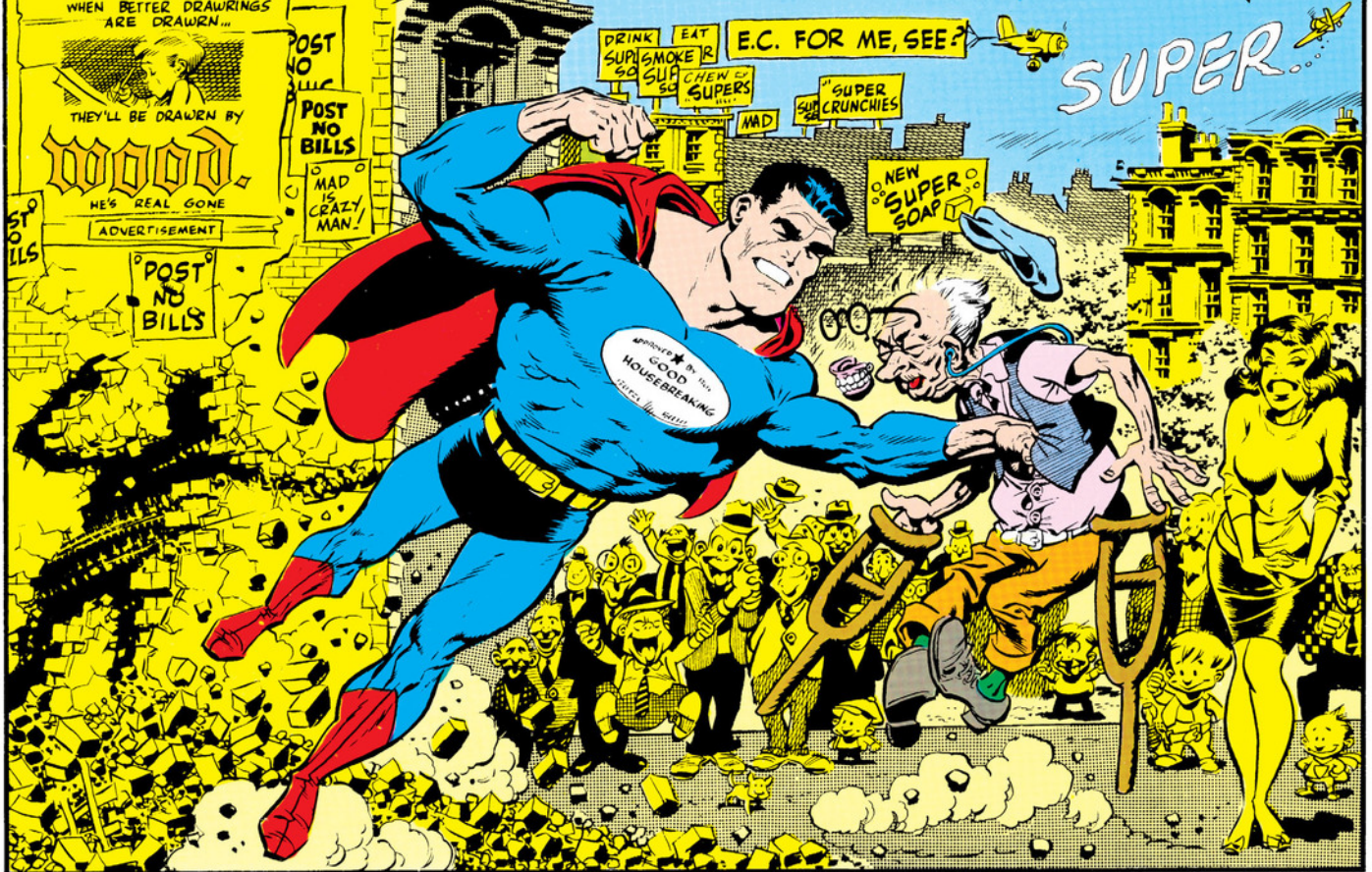
Please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues!) is:

Mad Editors  
Room 706, Dept. 4  
225 Lafayette St.  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.



HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET! KA-PWEENG! MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! ... CHUGACHUGACHUGA CHUG! ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND!... BOINGNGSWOOSH!... LOOK!... UP IN THE SKY!... IT'S A BIRD!... IT'S A PLANE!... IT'S...

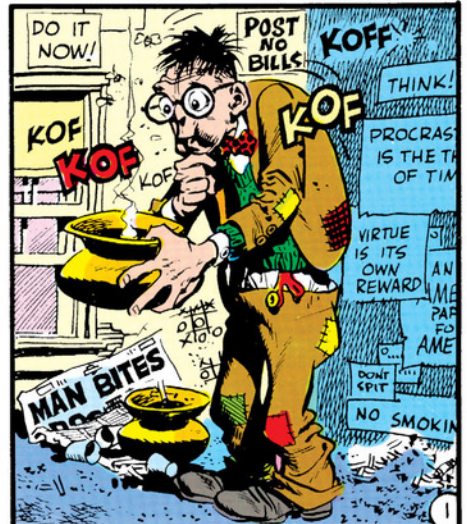
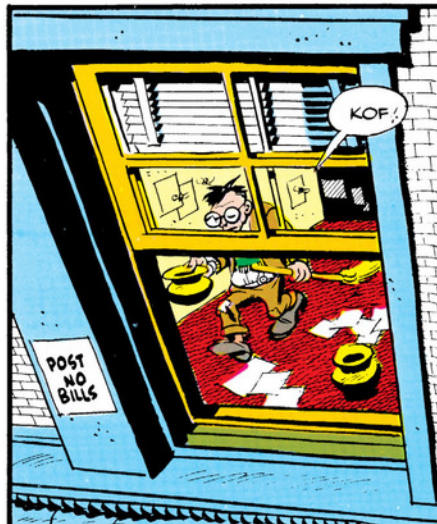
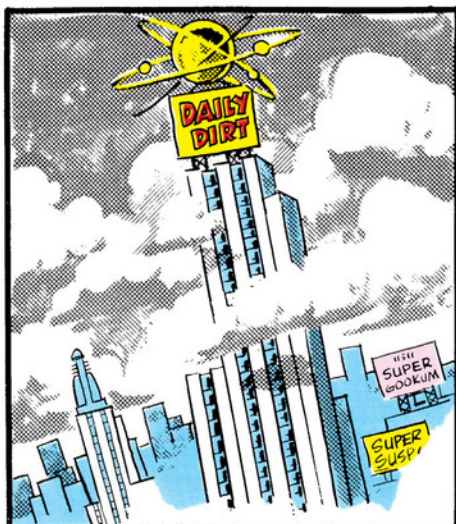
# SUPERDUPERMAN!



OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE SHUFFLES FROM SPITTOON TO SPITTOON!

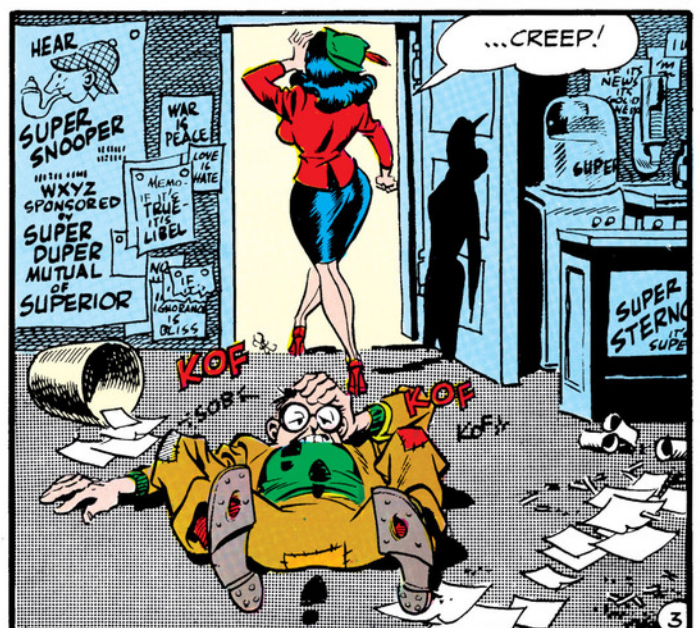
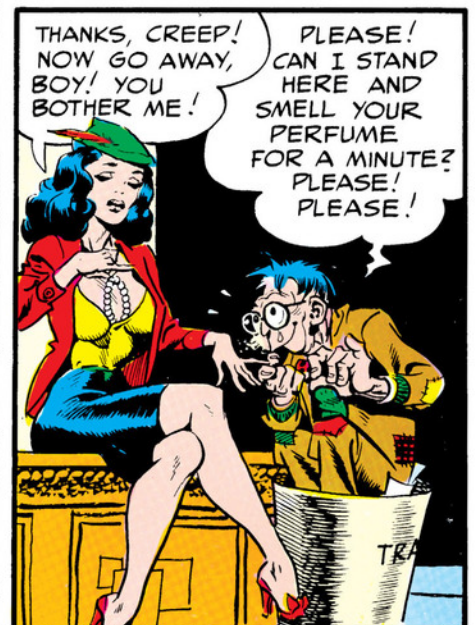
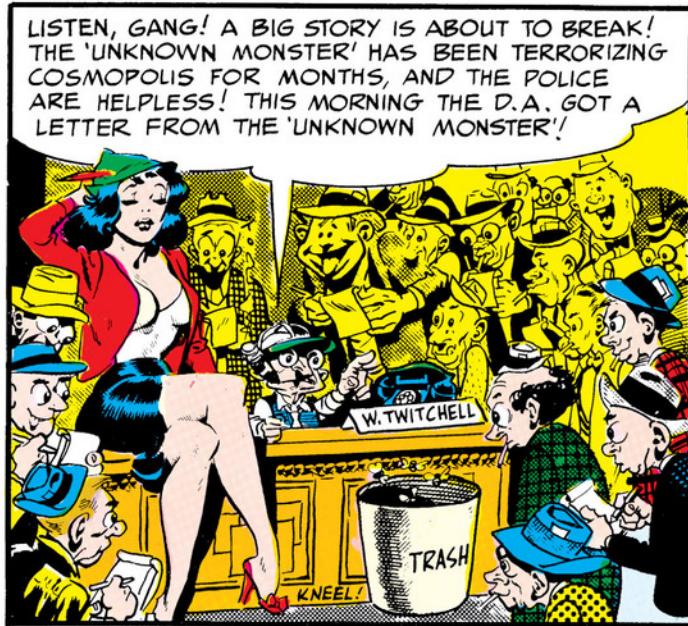
FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, **SUPERDUPERMAN!**



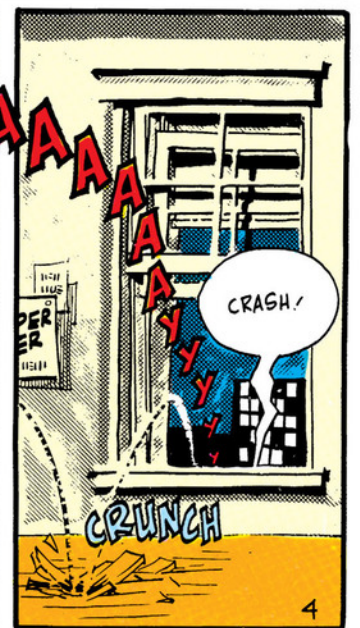
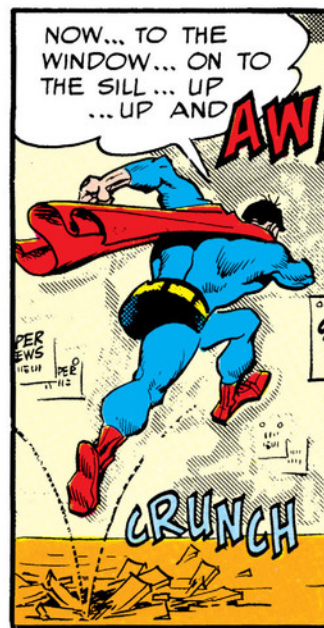
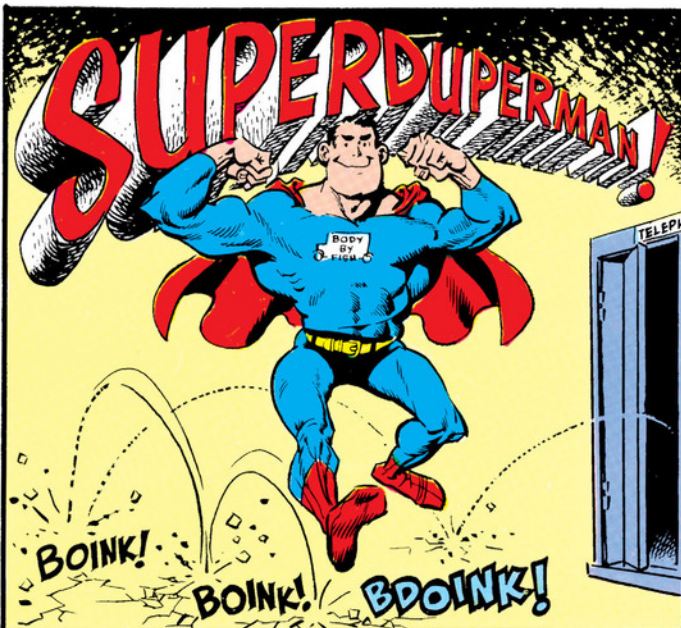
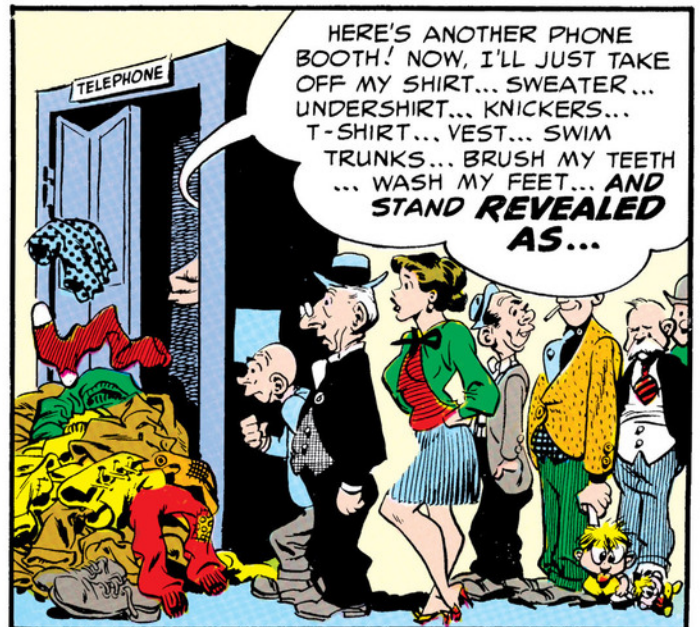
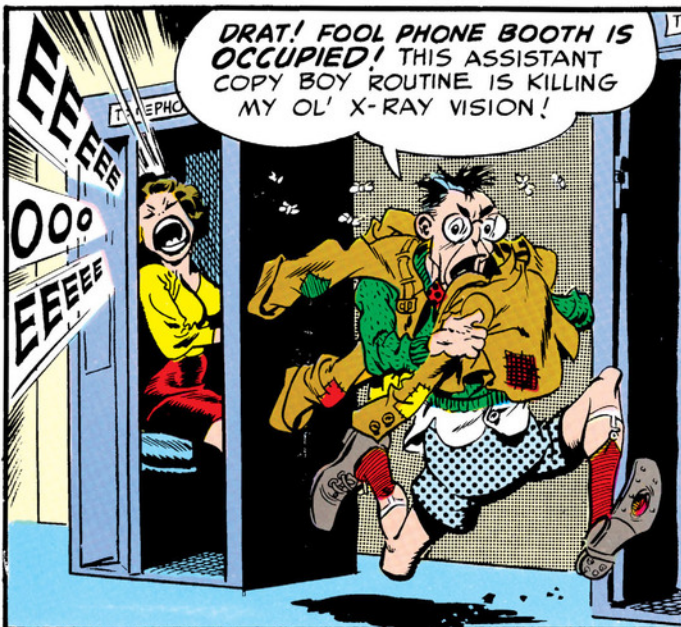




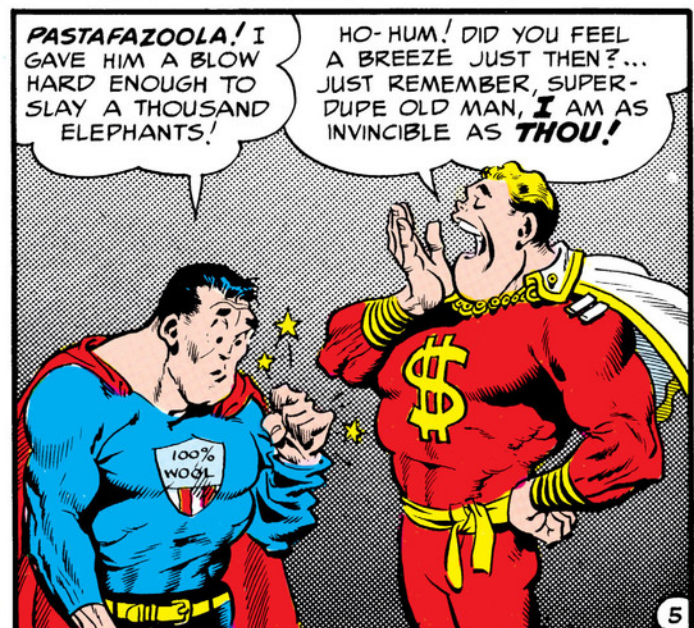
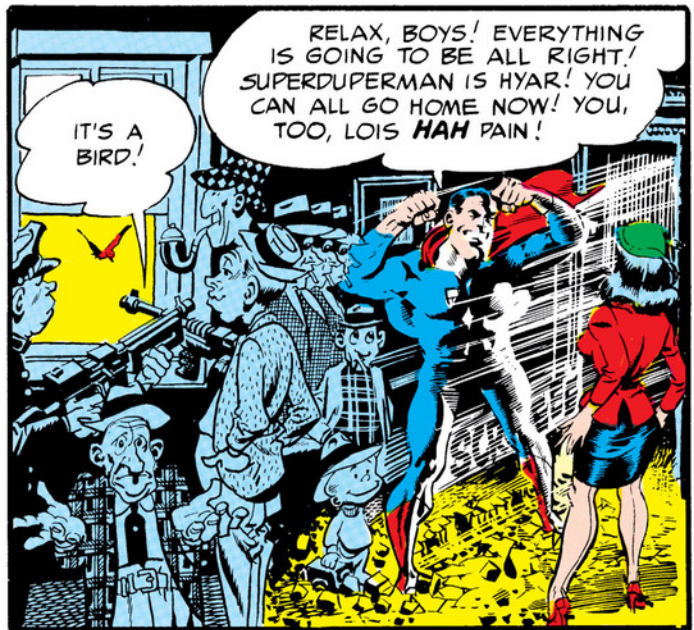
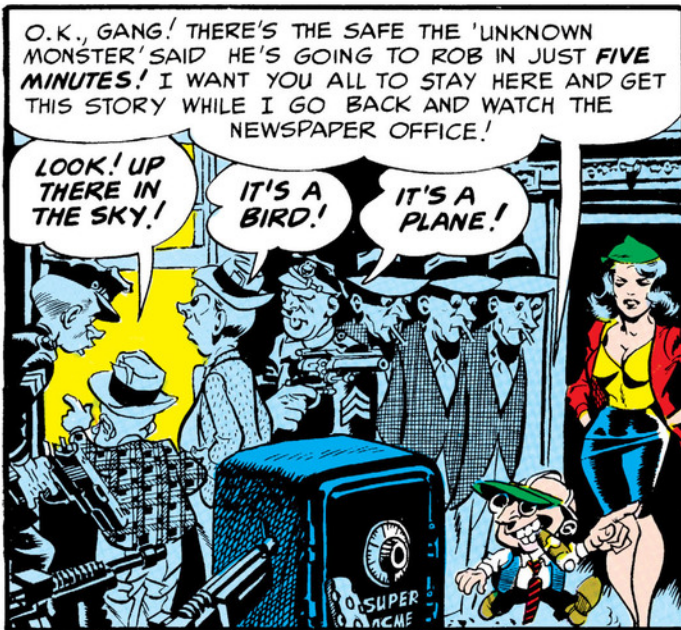




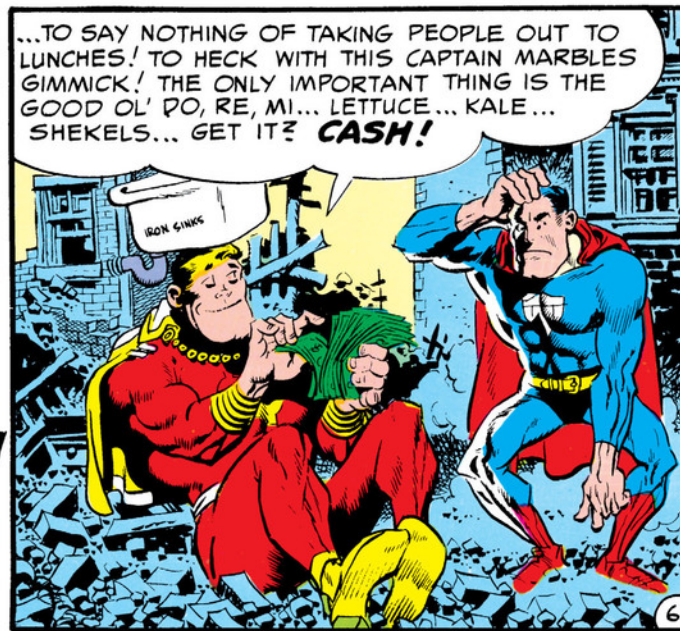
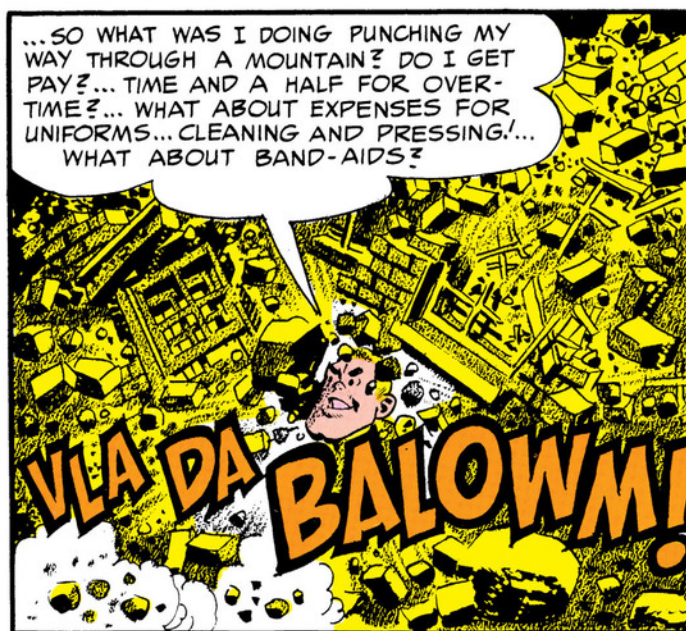
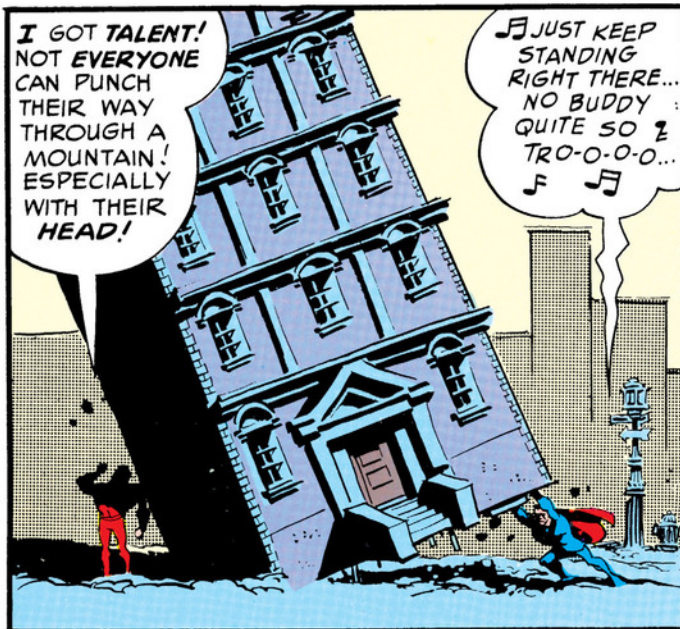
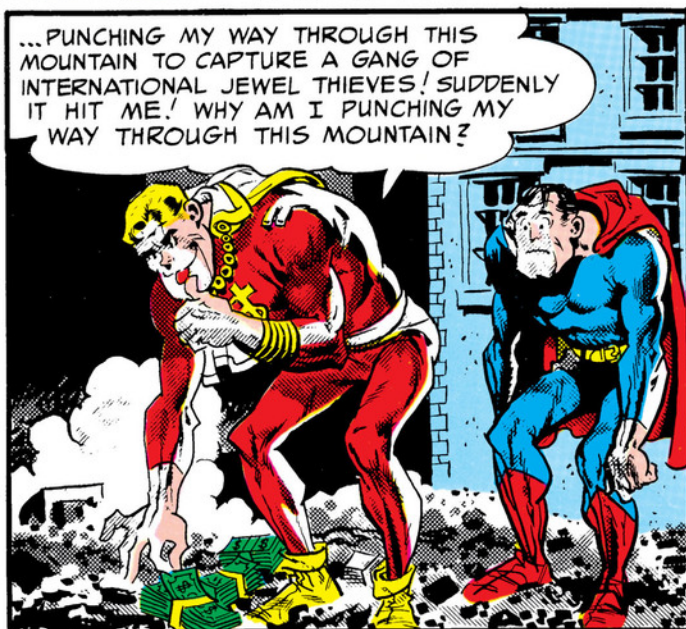






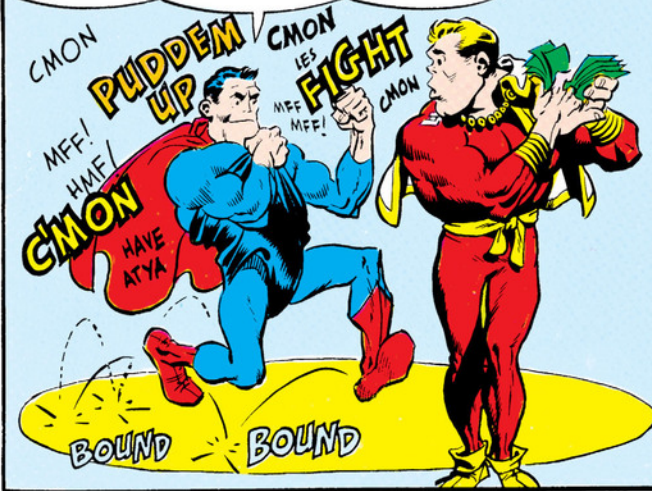




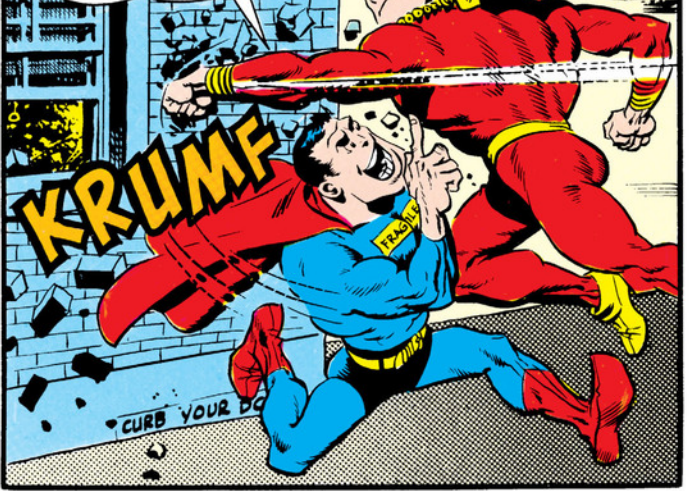




MARBLES! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES! ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY FIGHTING! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT THE CLEAN AMERICAN WAY! FISTICUFFS! AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT!



DUCK! WEAVE! PARRY! THRUST! HAH! GOOD TRY, OLD FELLOW!



NOW AN IMMELMAN TURN AND A LUF-BERRY CIRCLE...

...OOHOO, MARBLES! OVER HERE!

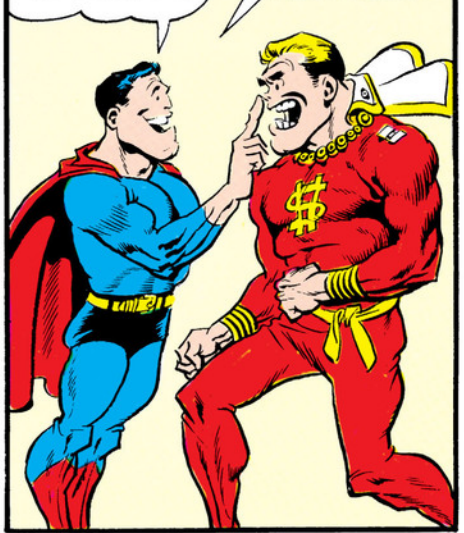


GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!



...NOW A WALTZ ...A MOMBO AND A HULA...

...OOHOO, MARBLES!



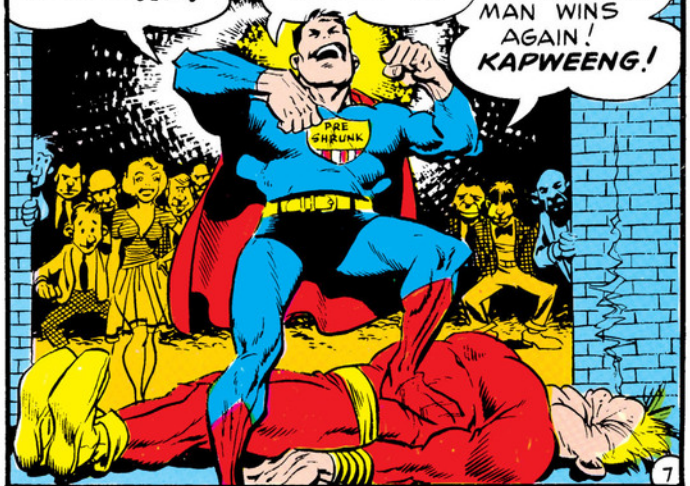
GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!



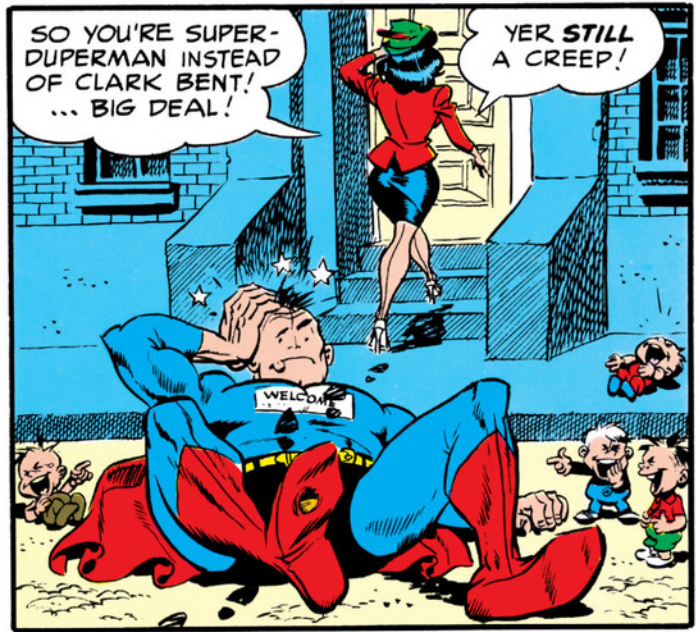
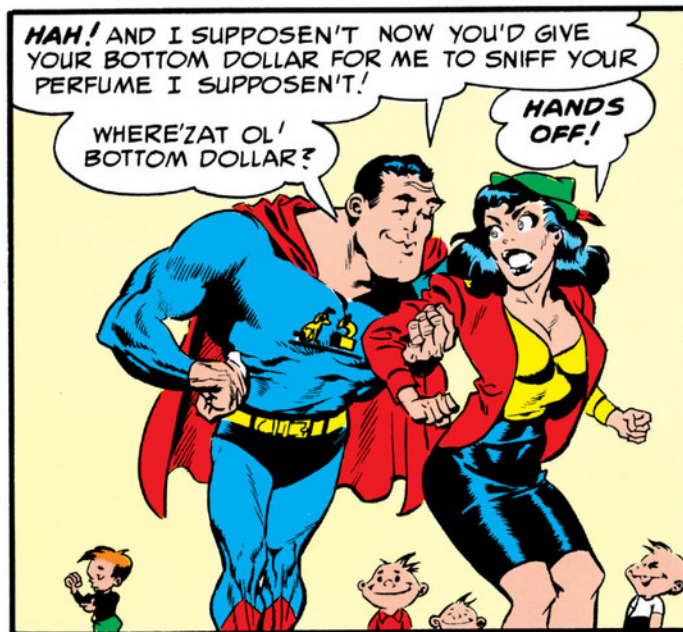
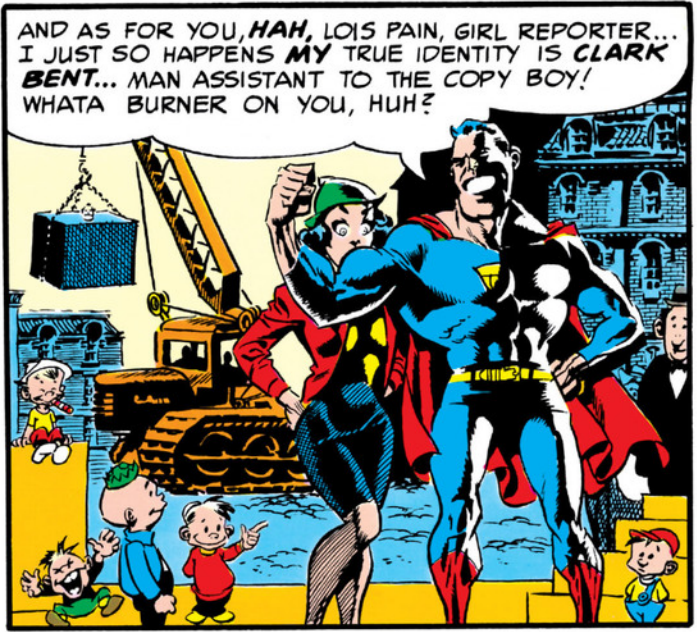
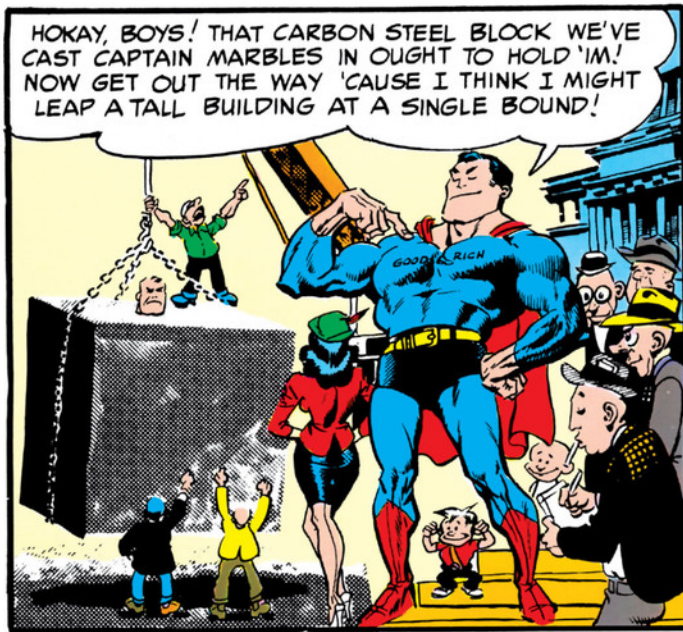
CAPTAIN MARBLES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THE ONLY FORCE AS STRONG AS HE... HE!

HEE HEE HEE! WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!

SUPERDUPER-MAN WINS AGAIN! KAPWEENG!



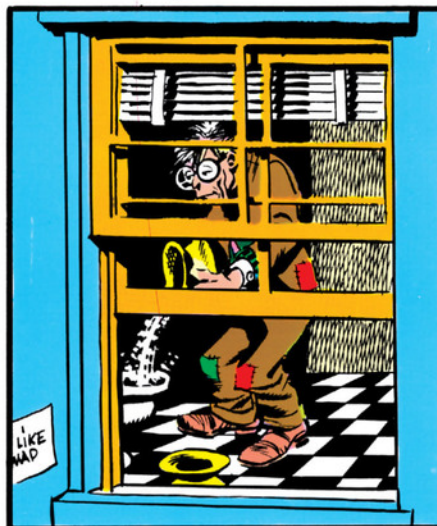




UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT'... GOING FROM SPITTOON TO SPITTOON...

...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP... CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY...

WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES **ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP!**





ROMANCE DEPT.: RAMONA SNARFLE WAS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER! WHAT WOULD **YOU** DO IF **YOU** HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER? READ, THEN, WHAT RAMONA SNARFLE DID WHEN SHE HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN, ETC.! **READ... HOW...**

# FLOB WAS A SLOB!



MY NAME IS RAMONA SNARFLE, TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL! YES! MY LIFE IS QUITE COMPLETE NOW!



I AM ON THE RIGHT ROAD NOW! BUT I WENT TO THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS TO FIND THE WAY!... YES! I'VE MADE MISTAKES!... YESYES... YES!



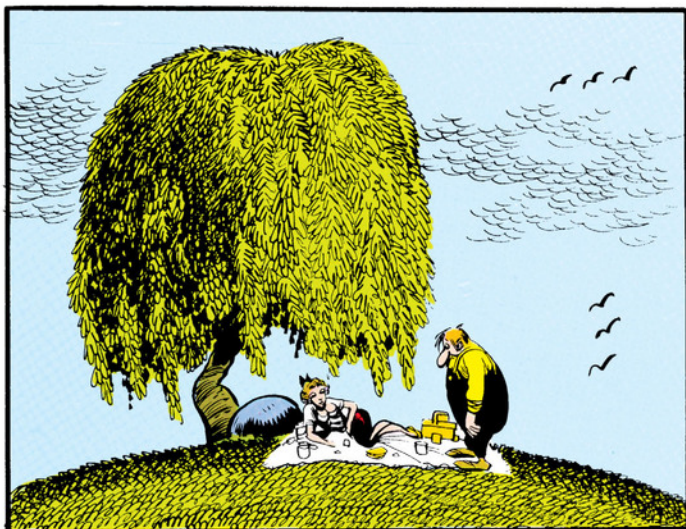
AND I'VE PAID FOR MY MISTAKES! PROFIT, THEN, BY MY MISTAKES! READ, THEN, THE STORY OF MY LIFE, FOR THIS, THEN, IS **MY TRUE CONFESSION!**





I GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN... WAS ENGAGED TO MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART! CROMWELL WAS EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD EVER WANT! FAITHFUL, LOVING, TRUE...

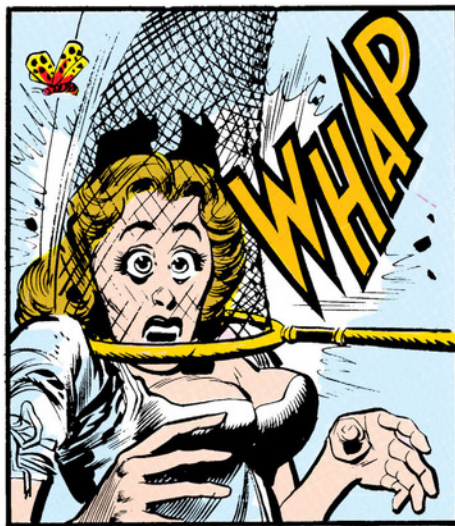
NOBODY COULD WANT A BETTER DOG THAN CROMWELL! THEN THERE WAS MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, **SHELDON FLOB!** WE WENT OUT ON PICNICS EVERY SUNDAY!



SHELDON WAS A **SSWELL** LUG! BUT HE WAS **SO** UNROMANTIC! THAT IS WHY I WAS SURPRISED ONE DAY...

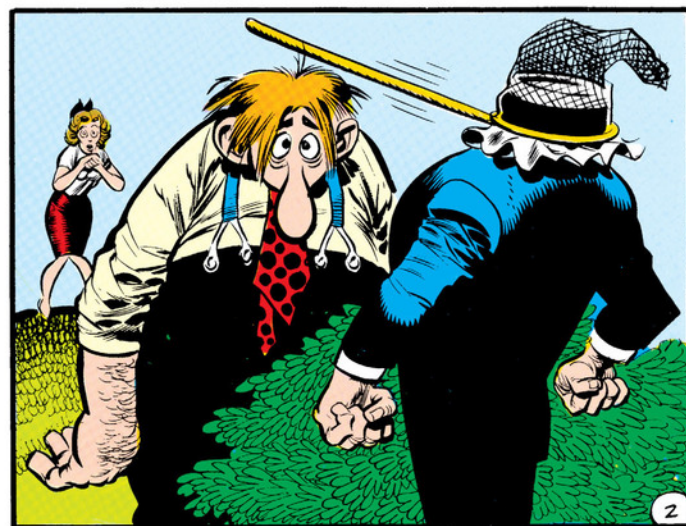
...TO FIND SHELDON TIP-TOEING SOFTLY TOWARDS MY RECLINING FIGURE... TIP-TOEING WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS!

HE BENT CLOSER TO MY HUNGRY LIPS... CLOSER TO MY FLUSHED CHEEKS... CLOSER TO MY TREMBLING BODY... THEN...



I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT IT WASN'T ME, SHELDON WAS TRYING TO SNATCH UP IN HIS ARMS! IT WAS A BUTTERFLY THAT HAD PERCHED SILENTLY ON MY HEAD!

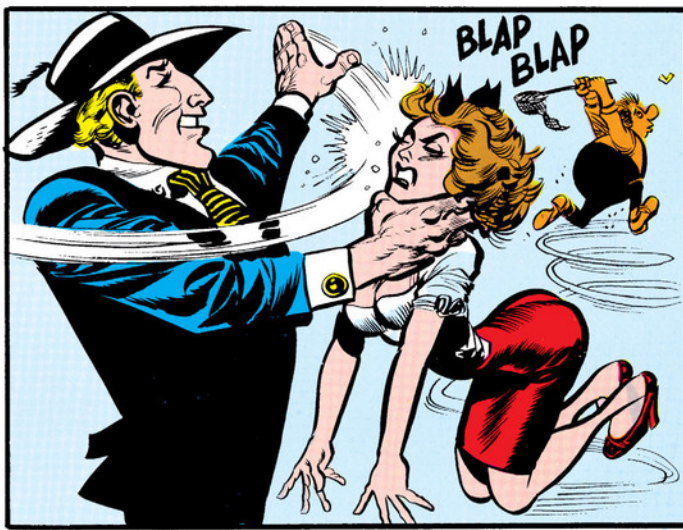
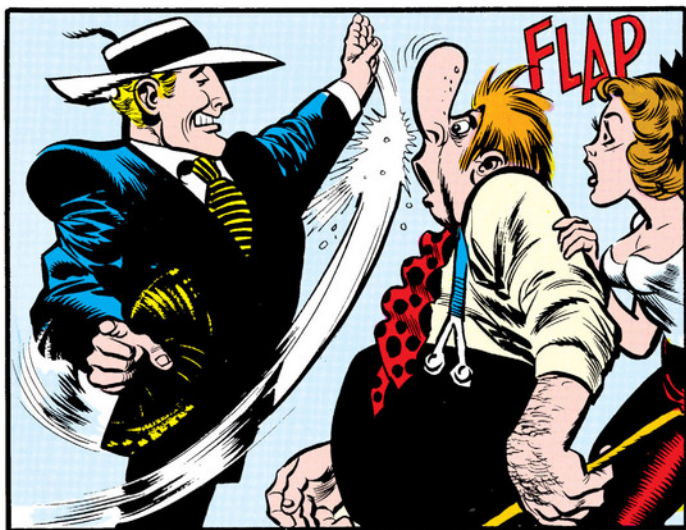
A FATAL BUTTERFLY THAT FLUTTERED AWAY AND PERCHED ON THE HEAD OF ANOTHER! AND THEN HE SNAPPED HIS SNAP-BRIM AWAY FROM HIS EYES AND I MET... HIM!





**RACKSTRAW HIM** WAS HIS NAME! I REMEMBER HIS BRONZE SKIN, HIS BRONZE FLECKED EYES, AND HIS FLASHING BRONZE TEETH, AS HE PUSHED PAST MY SHELDON!

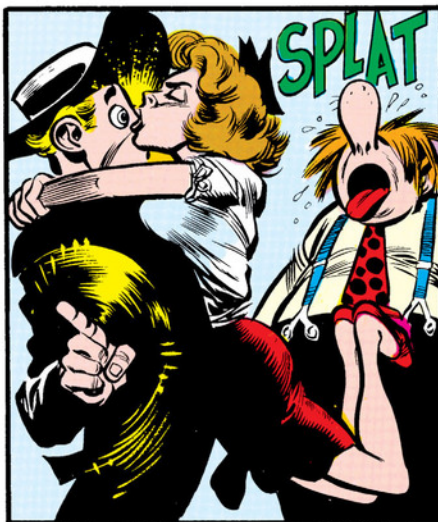
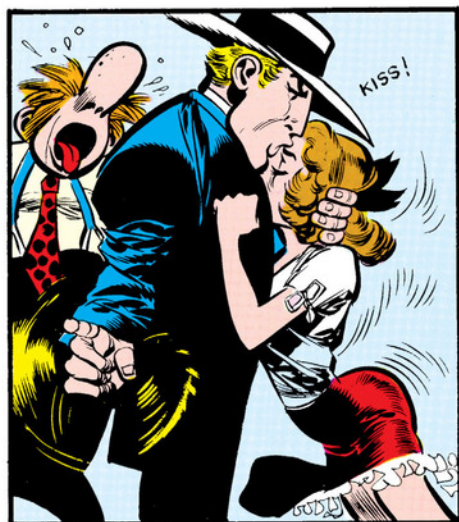
HE GRASPED ME IN HIS STRONG BRONZED FINGERS! HE BROUGHT A RED FLUSH TO MY CHEEKS! HE WAS FRIGHTENING, EXCITING, INTRIGUING ... A REAL SLOB!



HE CRUSHED ME TO HIM! I FOUGHT LIKE A WILD-CAT, THRASHING AND CLAWING TO RESIST HIS KISSES!

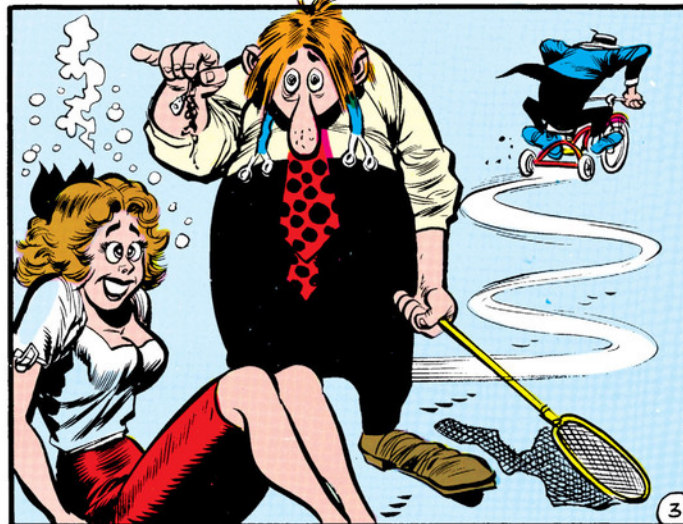
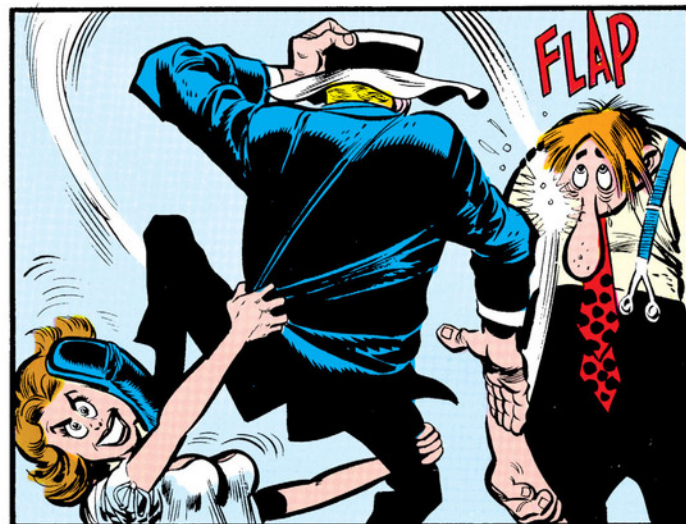
THE WORLD SPUN ABOUT ME! A TINY LITTLE VOICE IN MY EAR SAID, 'COME AWAY... COME AWAY... COME AWAY...'

...COME AWAY, CHASE BUTTERFLIES! BUT MY RESISTANCE HAD COLLAPSED! I FELL LIMP TO RACKSTRAW'S KISSES!



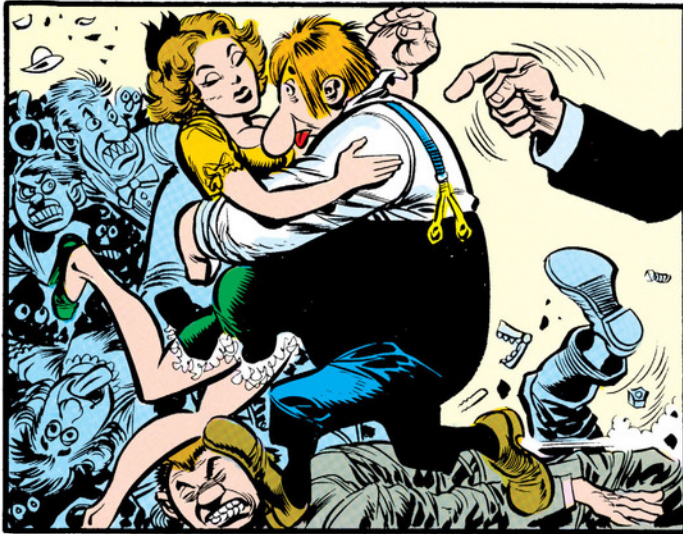
FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SHELDON! I KNEW HE WAS ANNOYED THAT I HADN'T HELPED HIM CHASE BUTTERFLIES! I **TORE MYSELF FROM RACKSTRAW'S ARMS!**

THEN ... AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD COME, HE RODE MADLY AWAY, AND I WAS ALONE ... ALONE WITH SHELDON FLOB, CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART! ... ALONE WITH A MASHED BUTTERFLY!

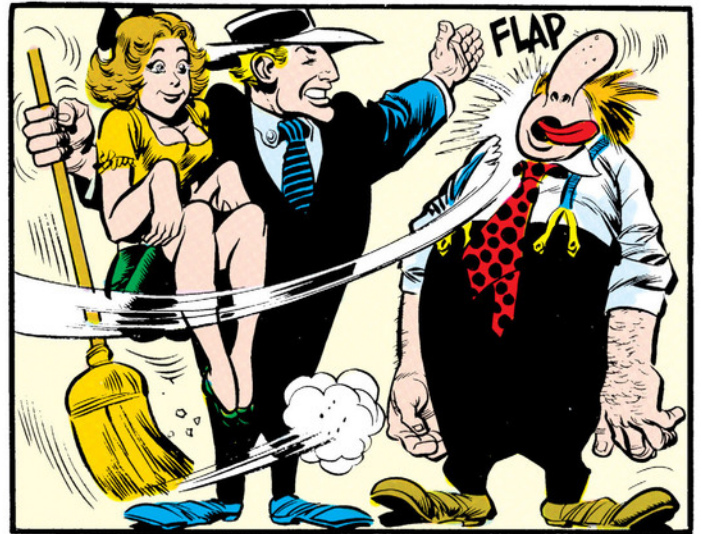




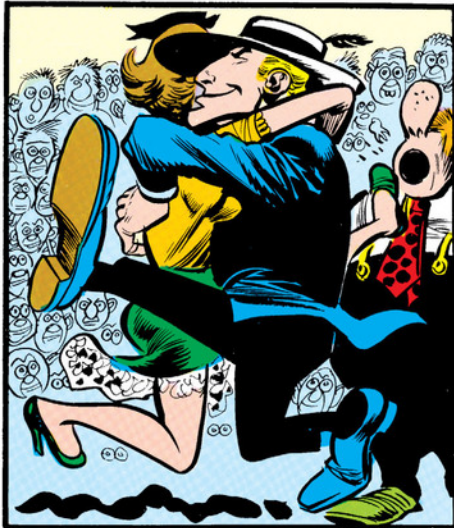
THEN ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, SHELDON TOOK ME DANCING IN THE BIG TOWN! WHEN SHELDON DANCED, HE STEPPED ON MY HANDS! SUDDENLY... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER...



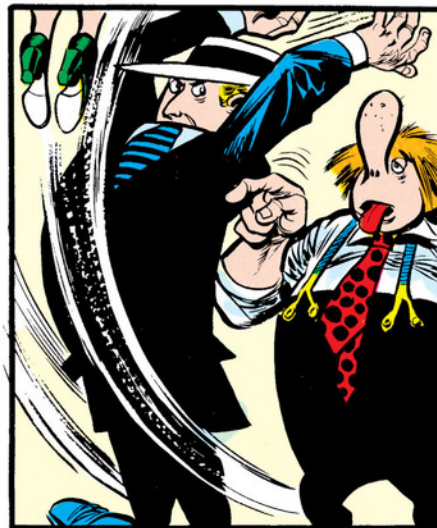
AN ANSWER TO MY DREAMS! IT WAS HIM! HIM! HIM! RACKSTRAW HIM! WHILE HE ELBOWED SHELDON ASIDE WITH HIS BRONZED ELBOW, HE SWEEPED ME UP IN HIS OTHER BRONZED HAND!



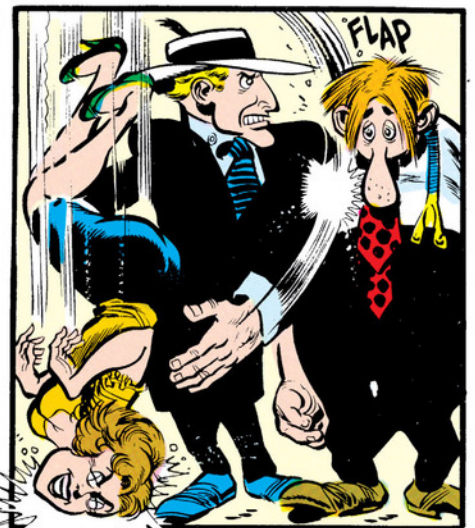
WITH ALL EYES UPON US, WE GLIDED MAJESTICALLY ACROSS THE FLOOR! NOW I KNEW...IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO!



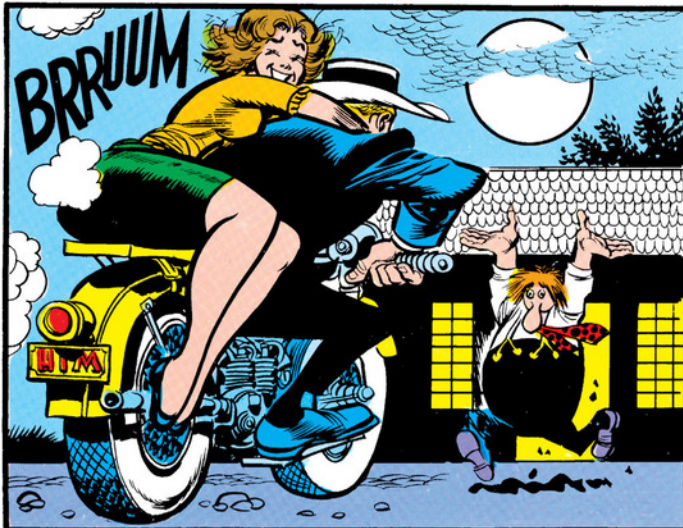
WE DIPPED! WE WHIRLED! WE STUMBLED! WE DID DANCE STEPS I NEVER EVEN KNEW EXISTED!



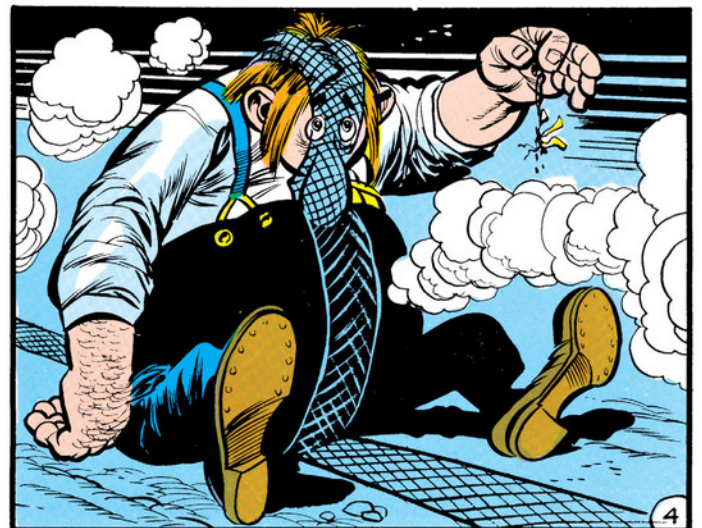
BUT WHEREVER WE WHIRLED, WE WERE FOLLOWED BY THE SAD EYES OF SHELDON! WE YEARNED TO BE ALONE!



I WAS GIDDY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS! THE MUSIC? THE CHAMPAGNE? LOVE? THE HARDWOOD FLOOR?... THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS RIDING AWAY!

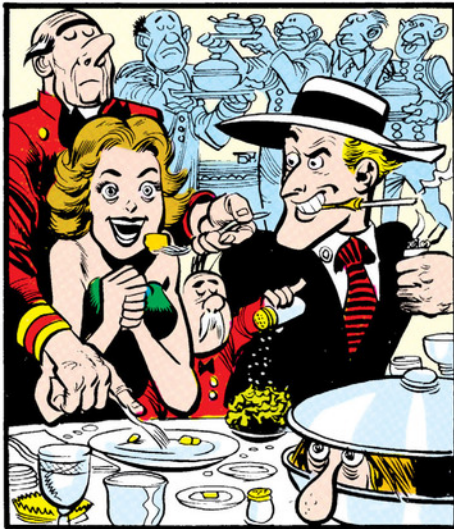


FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE I GLIMPSED THE PITIFUL FIGURE OF SHELDON, SITTING IN OUR EXHAUST SMOKE HOLDING OUT A MASHED LITTLE BUTTERFLY TO ME!





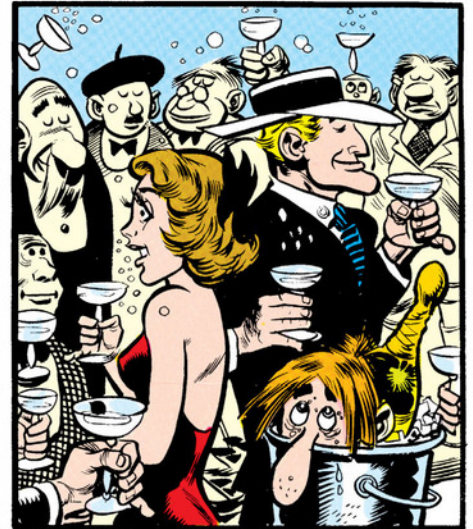
THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE MADNESS!  
FIRST THERE WERE DINNERS! FILET MIGNON!  
PRESSED DUCK! TRUFFLES! BAGELS!



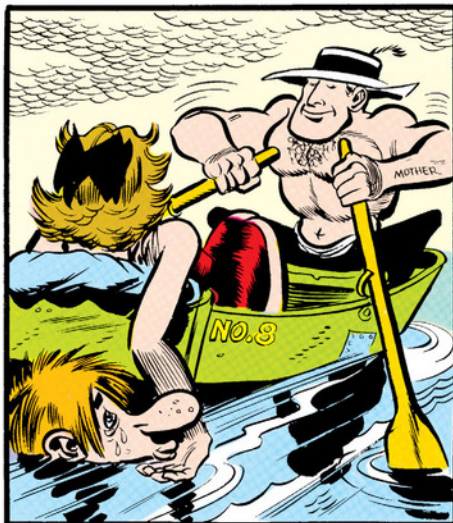
THEN THERE WAS THE THEATRE WHERE  
WE SAW DRAMATIC PLAYS, COMEDIES,  
MUSICALS, A DICK TRACY CHAPTER!



THEN THERE WERE THE COCKTAIL PARTIES  
WHERE I MET THE WORLD'S GREAT! DIPLO-  
MATS! SCIENTISTS! COMIC BOOK ARTISTS!



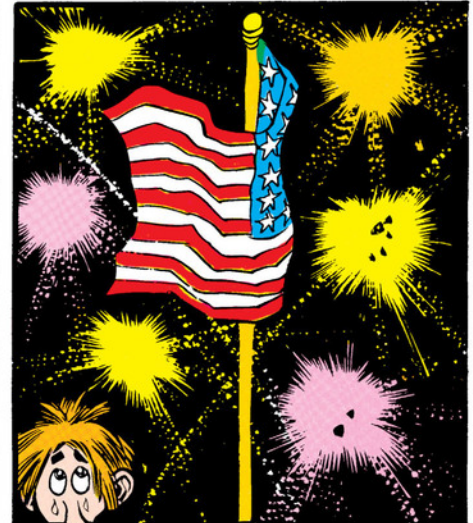
THEN THERE WERE THE YACHTING TRIPS  
WITH THE COOL WET KISSES OF THE  
CARIBBEAN SEA ON MY HAND!



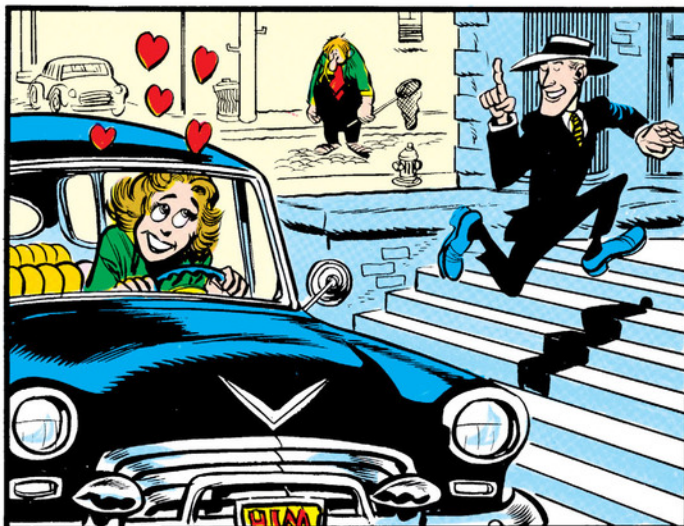
THEN THERE WERE THE NIGHT CLUBS!...  
WE MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE SIPPING  
OUR DRINKS! EVERYONE STARED!



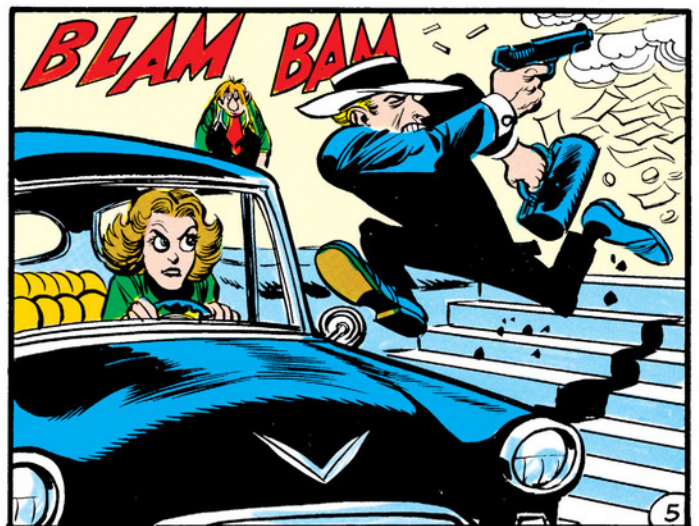
...AND THEN... THERE WAS... **LOVE!**... BUT  
EVERYWHERE, I WAS FOLLOWED BY  
THE HAUNTING EYES OF SHELDON!



FINALLY, ONE DAY, RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO ACCOMPANY  
HIM ON A BUSINESS TRIP! HE TOLD ME HE HAD TO TAKE  
SOME MONEY OUT OF THE BANK! I WAITED IN THE CAR!

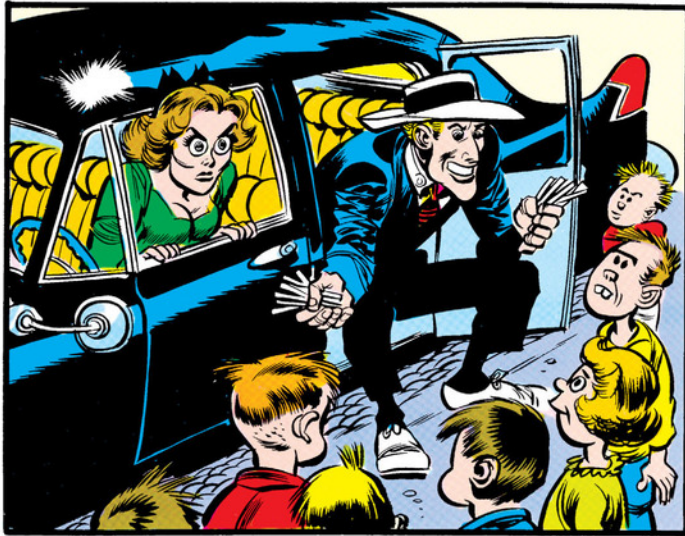


BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE BANK,  
CARRYING A LITTLE BLACK SUITCASE BULGING WITH MONEY,  
I BECAME SUSPICIOUS! **WHY SHOULD HE RUN?**

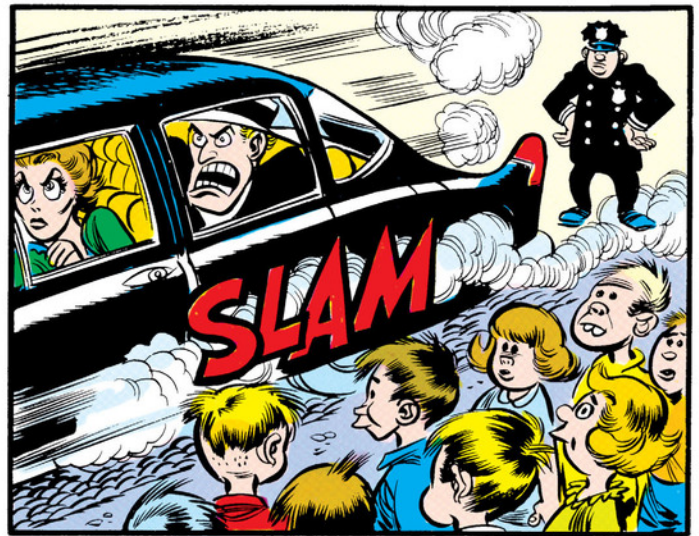




I WAS NO FOOL! I NOTICED THESE LITTLE THINGS! LIKE THE TIME RACKSTRAW TOOK ME TO SELL CIGARETTES TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN!... STRANGE CIGARETTES, CALLED 'REEFERS'!



I NOTICED HOW RACKSTRAW NERVOUSLY PALED WHEN A POLICEMAN APPROACHED US! I NOTICED RACKSTRAW'S FRANTIC TONE WHEN HE YELLED 'STEP ON THE GAS!' **I WAS NO FOOL!**



**RACKSTRAW WAS UP TO NO GOOD!** I COULD TELL, AND I BEGAN TO REGRET OUR RELATIONSHIP! BESIDES...

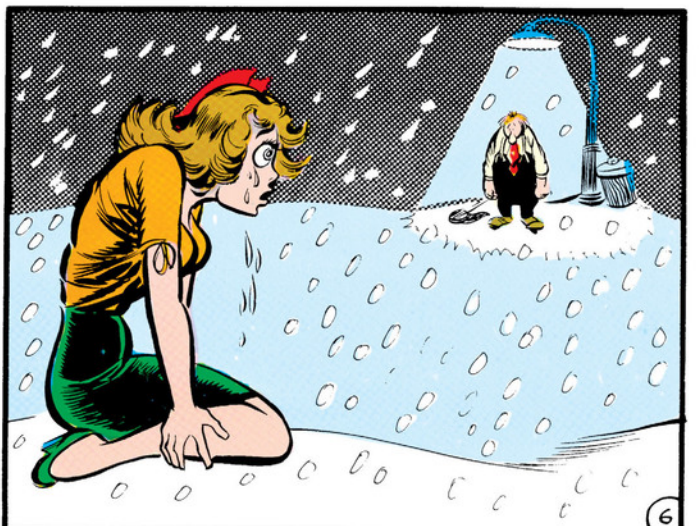
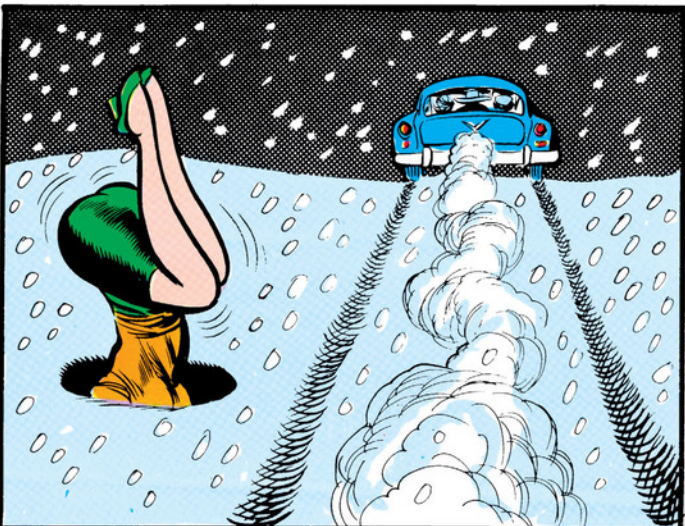
...RACKSTRAW HAD BEGUN TO ACT VERY FRIENDLY TOWARDS OTHER WOMEN! I MUST ADMIT... I WAS JEALOUS!

...BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO GO OUT AND SELL RACING FORMS, THIS WAS THAT LAST RACK-**STRAW!**



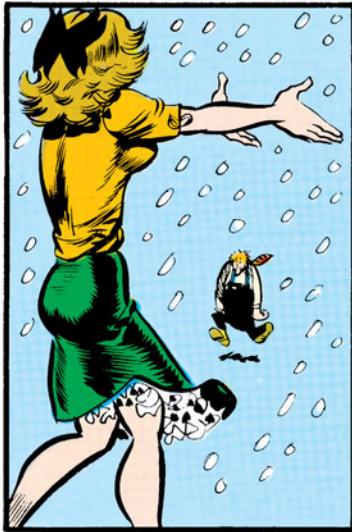
I DECIDED TO LEAVE! I LEFT! AND NOW, I WAS ALONE! THE WIND HOWLED, WHIPPING SNOWFLAKES ABOUT ME! I WAS FREEZING! **WHAT A FOOL I HAD BEEN!** I SHOULDNA LEFT!

IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW, FAR DOWN UNDER THE STREET LAMP, WAITING PATIENTLY... HUMBLY... FORGIVINGLY... LOYALLY... WAITING TO CATCH A RARE SPECIES OF NIGHT-FLYING MOTH...

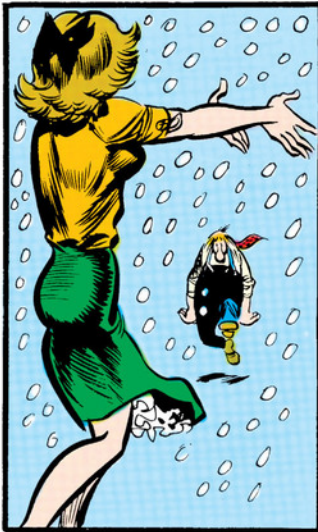




...**SHELDON FLOB**... WAITING FOR **ME!** LIKE TWO MAGNETS WE WALKED TO EACH OTHER!



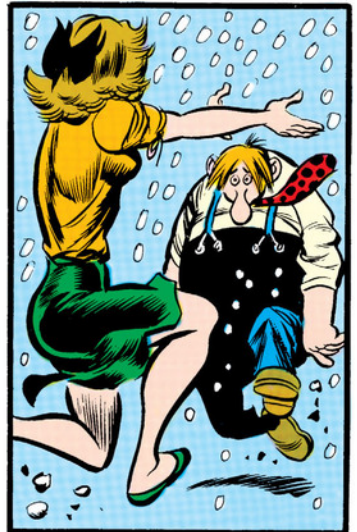
...TWO MAGNETS DRAWN POWERFULLY TOGETHER! NOW WE BEGAN TO TROT!



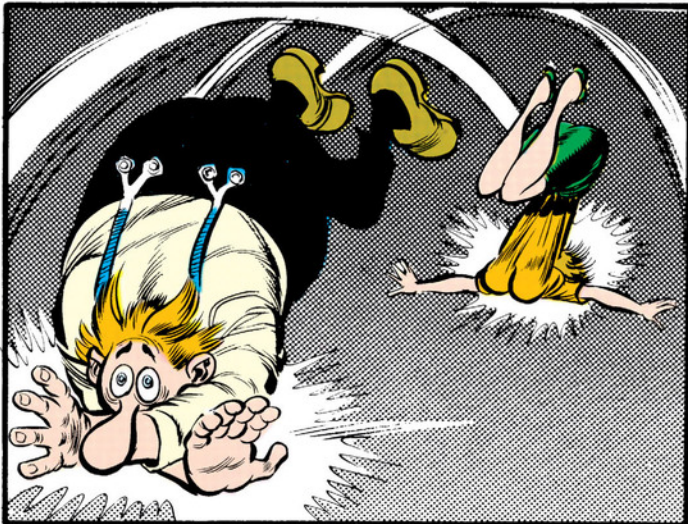
...TWO MAGNETS STRAINING TO TOUCH, WE TROTTED! NOW WE REACHED A CANTER!



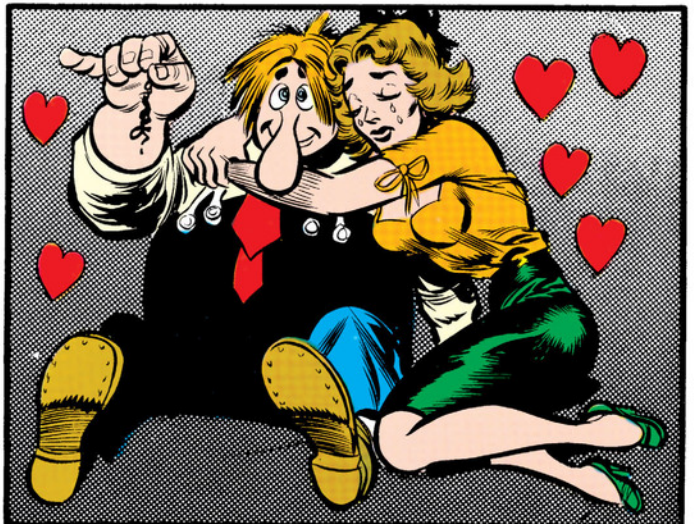
...CANTERED WILDLY TO BE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS! WE RAN AT A GALLOP!



**NOW WE WERE COMING TOGETHER! YARDS! FEET! INCHES! I SHUT MY EYES AND THREW MYSELF RECKLESSLY, MADLY, ECSTATICALLY AT SHELDON!...AND MISSED!**



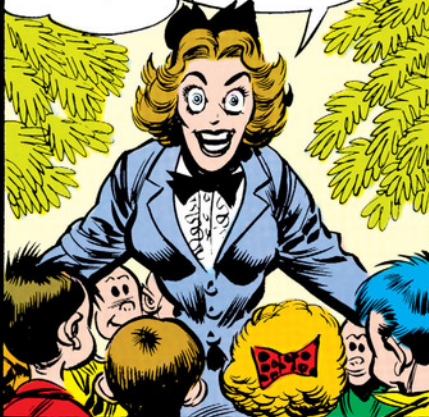
THEN SHELDON HANDED ME A LITTLE MASHED BUTTERFLY, AND SUDDENLY, I **KNEW** THE TRUE VALUES IN LIFE... KNEW THE MEANING OF THE WORD **LOVE!**



YOU CAN GUESS THE REST OF MY STORY! NOW I AM BACK WITH MY TRUE LOVE! NOW I **KNOW** WHERE I BELONG!



...BACK HERE ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOL STREET CORNER! BACK THERE WITH... RACK-STRAW... **SELLING REEFERS! THINK I WANNA CHASE BUTTERFLIES ALL MY LIFE?**

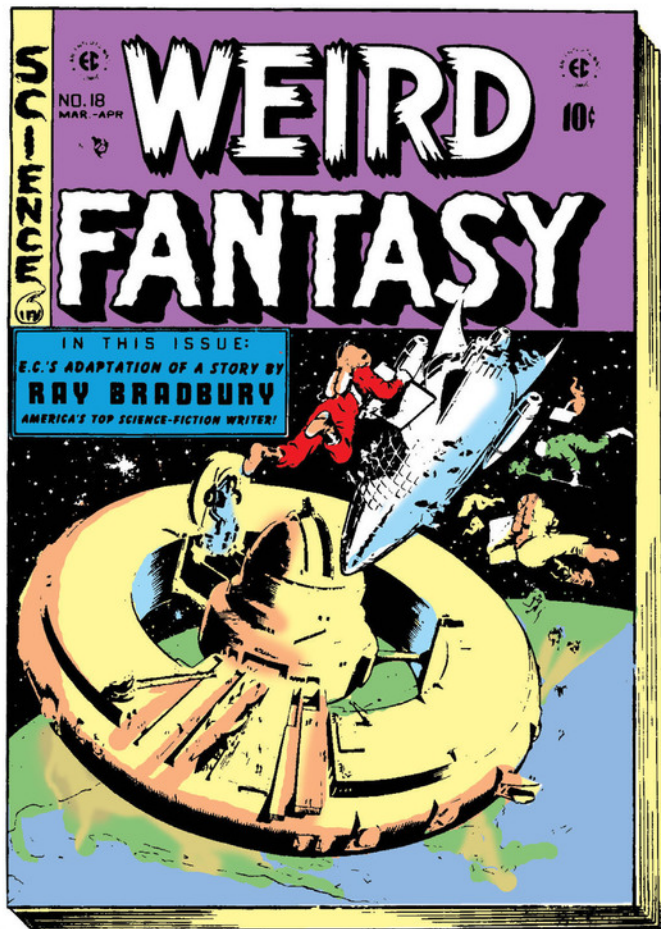


**YAHOO! IT'S THE NIGHT CLUBS FOR ME!... HEY, KIDS, WANNA BUY SOME WEEDS, CHEAP? C'MON FORK OVER YOUR LUNCH MONEY! C'MON BEFORE THE TEACHER COMES! C'MON! WILLYA? C'MON? HUH? WILLYA? HUH? HUH?**





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Tumblers Tympannus was cultivating a rock garden under government supervision at San Quentibus when Roman Counterspy Tiberius O'Leary requested the provincial attorney to release him . . . temporarily.

Tiberius conferred with the warden of the Roman penitentiary!

"There's been a daylight robbery at the Bank of Centurions! Nails Mellitus and his pueri (boys) walked in with innocent-looking lyre cases. They said they were going to supply the music at a special celebration for the burning of an FHA mortgage! Then they pulled javelins out of the cases and forced the bank president to open the vault. They packed all the pecuniae (money) that would fit into the instrument cases and locked the president inside the vault. He'll suffocate in there! He's the only one who knows the combination!!"

Just then, Tumblers Tympannus was ushered into the warden's office between two guards. Tumblers was dressed in a striped toga.

"This is prisoner VCMXI, the most notorious safe-cracker in all Rome!"

"Honest, Warden! I was going straight! I just pulled that last job to buy birthday presents for my twins, Billy and Jimmy! Billy wanted a jimmy . . . and Jimmy wanted a billy!!"

"I hear that you have forty-five years left to serve of your forty-five year and one month sentence. How would you like a chance at a parole?", asked Tiberius.

"Chee, that would be most fortuitous!!", exclaimed the safe-cracker.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soon, Tumblers Tympannus and Tiberius



O'Leary were standing before the great vault. They could hear the trapped bank president breathing heavily inside. Well, at least he was still breathing!

Tumblers began to apply a coarse piece of sandpaper to his fingertips to make them more sensitive. Only then did Tiberius notice that the safe-cracker's fingertips began *below* the first joints. Masterfully, Tumblers placed his left ear against the huge lock and began twisting the dials.

"Let's see! Think I'll try Northside 7-7-7!"

Immediately, there was a resounding click of metal sliding into place and the massive door was pushed open from the inside. The liberated bank president galloped out of the bare vault with a toga-full of the remaining money. He ran out of the aedificium (building), down the Avenue of the Provinces (formerly 6th Avenue) and out of sight.

"Well, *I* opened the door and freed him! Do I get my parole now, Mr. O'Leary?"

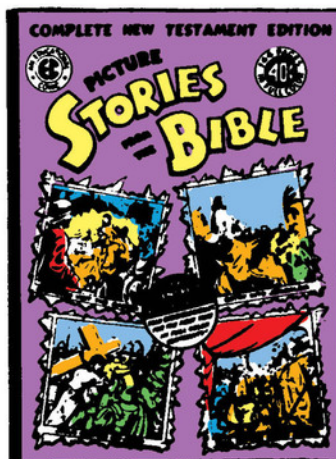
"*You* freed him, all right! In fact, *you* let him escape! That makes *you* an 'accessory to the fact' (sorry, don't know the Latin for that phrase!). *You'll* serve an additional forty-five anni (years) for *your* part in this crime! But don't despair!! Maybe you'll have a crack at a parole again . . . sometime!"

"No, thanks! Don't bother!!" replied the disillusioned Tumblers.

Now Tumblers Tympannus is back in San Quentibus where he's writing a book of his memoirs entitled, "My Six Convictions"! It will be bound in a sandpaper cover, extra-heavy grain. Look for it on sale soon at your local hardware store!

Meanwhile, at the end of the rainbow lies happiness . . . and at the end of the Roman sewer system, Nails Mellitus and his gang are counting denarii! And the absconding bank president . . . he's flown to Mexico City!

Won't *he* be surprised! There isn't any Mexico City . . . yet!!



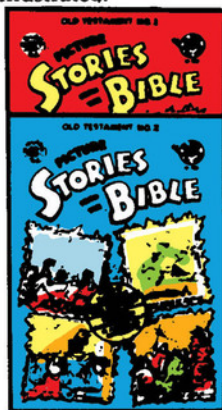
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# LET'S DEPLORE YOUR MIND



*Editor's Note: This column represents the sober side of Mad. We have prevailed upon the eminent Prof. Cosmo McMoon, of Common Knowledge College, to act as consultant and adviser to our poor confused readers.*

Dear Dr. McMoon,

Do you believe that the present maniac-depressive element in modern literary trends (e.g. Mickey Spillane) is due to the retreat of a suppressed libido into the realm of ultra-conscious mysticism, which has resulted in the atavistic reversion to heros motivated by so-called base impulses (the arch-type of Kant and Krafft-Ebbing), as an unconscious reverse pendulum swing in protest to Victorian romanticism?

Your abstruse student,  
J. Remington Seaworthy

*My dear Mr. Abstruse,*

*This may be true in extreme cases but not all the time.*

*Yours for clearer concepts,  
Cosmo McMoon, Ph.D.*

Dear Prof. McMoon,

Recently, I was examined by a psychiatrist who succeeded in removing a 'mental block' which existed in my subconscious since childhood! From the depths of my mental maelstrom he brought forth the cause of my *inferiority complex*. When I was a cherub of one and a half, my doting parents bought me a stuffed panda doll . . . three times larger than myself! Naturally, it was quite difficult for me to carry this toy about at this tender age. Dragging it by the ear from room to room completely enervated me! I soon became sullen and morose. The panda doll became a symbol of defeat!

To this day, at the age of twenty-five, I rarely undertake *anything* . . . being so afraid

of failure! As a result I am out of work!! How am I ever going to raise enough money to have my poor little moth-ridden panda dry-cleaned and simonized?

A. Distraught Bumm

*Dear Distraught,*

*Send the panda out to work!*

*Cosmo McMoon*

Dear Cosmo McMoon,

I am a man burning with the fire of ambition . . . but I can't hold a job! I have had 321 positions in the past year, including 27 of the least-occupied occupations! I had one very responsible position as captain of the Anita Bella Donna, a dependable little garbage scow. Well, one day we were loaded up and headed for the deepest spot in New York harbor where we were to dump our cargo. The fog was thicker than pea soup that morning . . . so maybe that's why we found ourselves cruising the Nile three weeks later! (We must have taken the wrong turn at the Battery.)

At first, curious Egyptians lined the banks of the river but were repelled by the fermenting grapefruit rinds in our mouldy hold. To jettison our cargo in the Nile would constitute an 'international incident' . . . so we headed back toward the States. In mid-Atlantic, I jumped ship and swam to shore at Sandy Hook.

Then I got a job as a sky-writing pilot! But I soon lost this job, too, for spelling Serutan backwards!

Yours in desperate supplication,  
Oxo Radar

*My dear Oxo,*

*You shouldn't have any trouble spelling your name!*

*Cosmo McMoon*



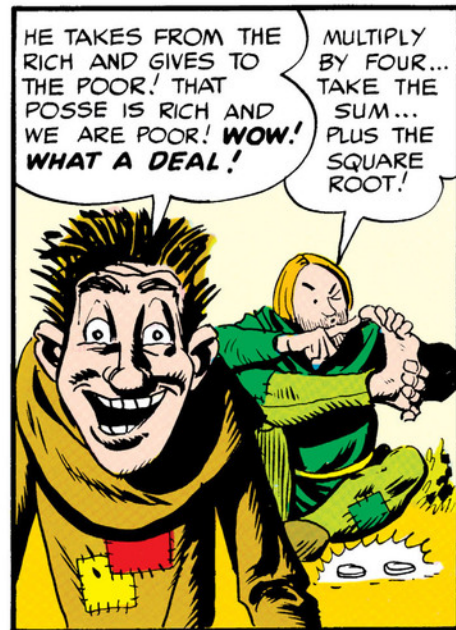
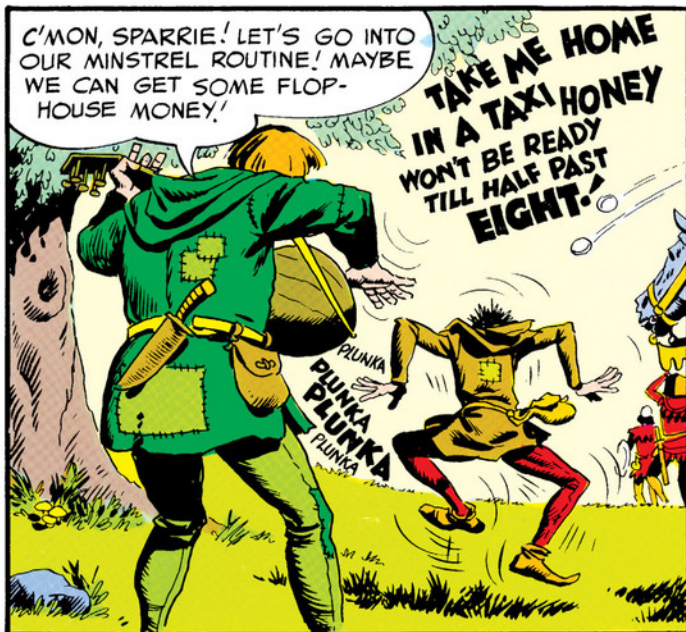


HYSTERICAL HISTORICAL DEPT.: COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF YORE! COME YE BACK TO YE MERRY ENGLAND! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG IN YE FORESTS OF NOTTINGHAM! COME YE BACK TO MANDALAY WHERE YE FLYING FISHES PLAY! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF...

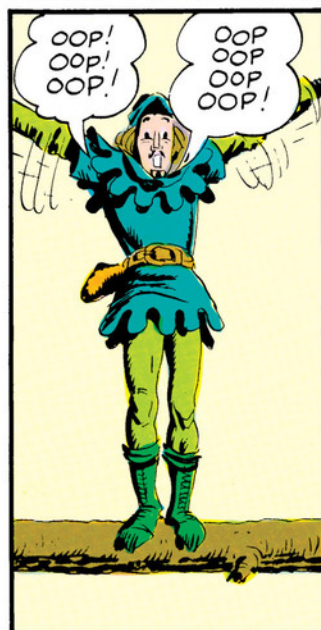
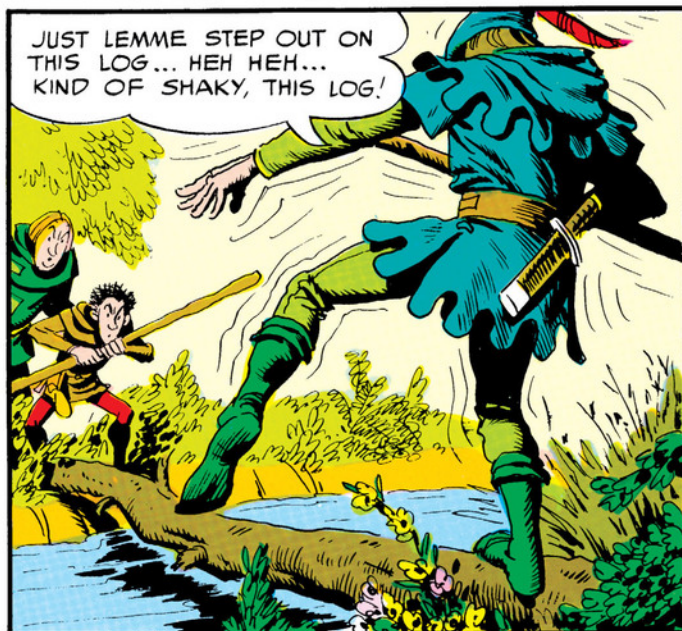
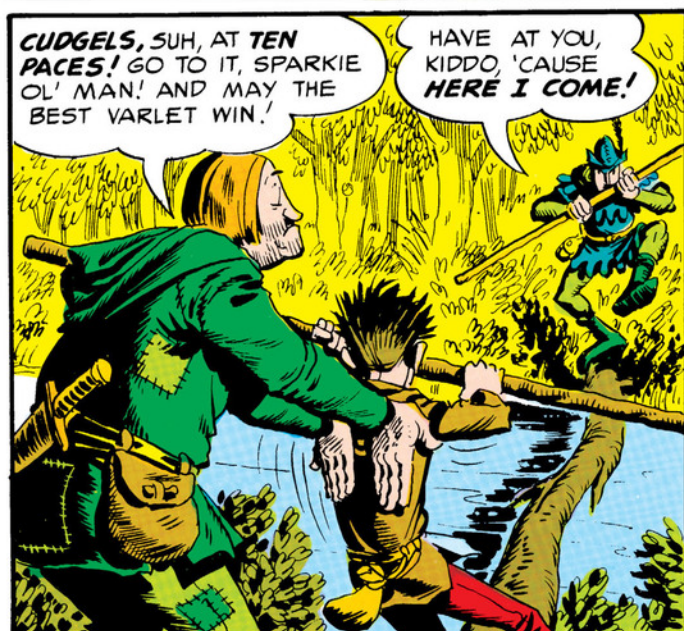
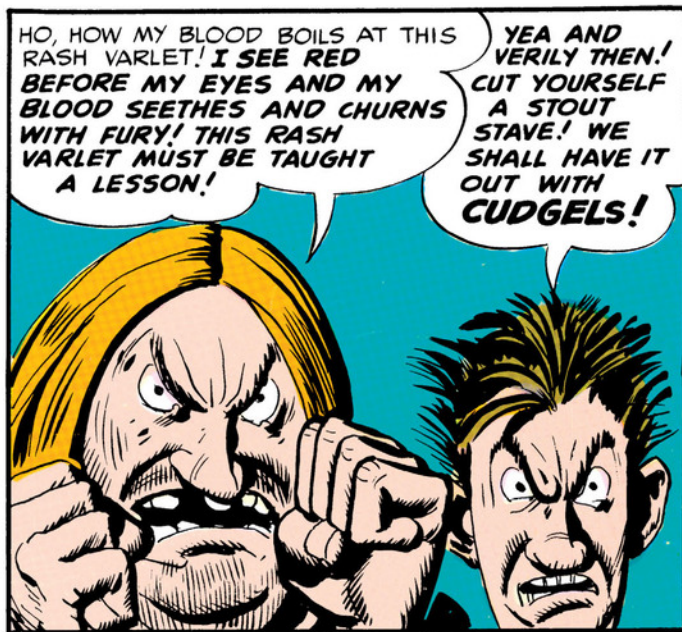
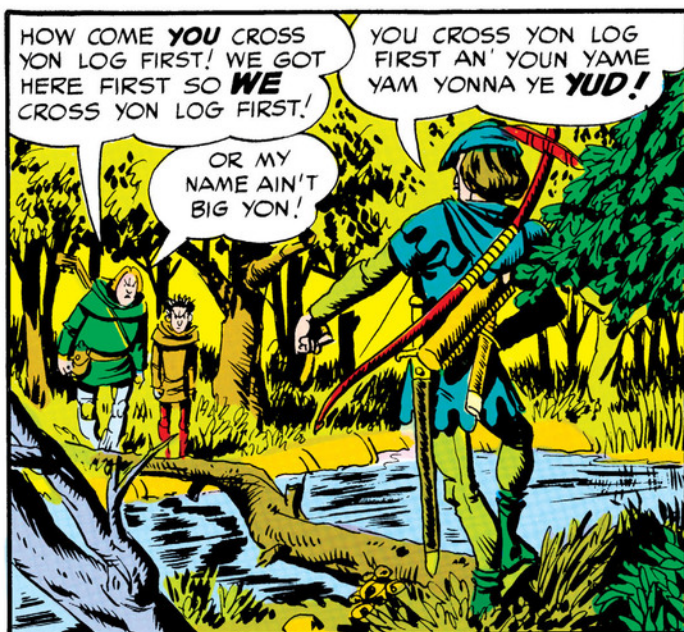
# ROBIN HOOD!



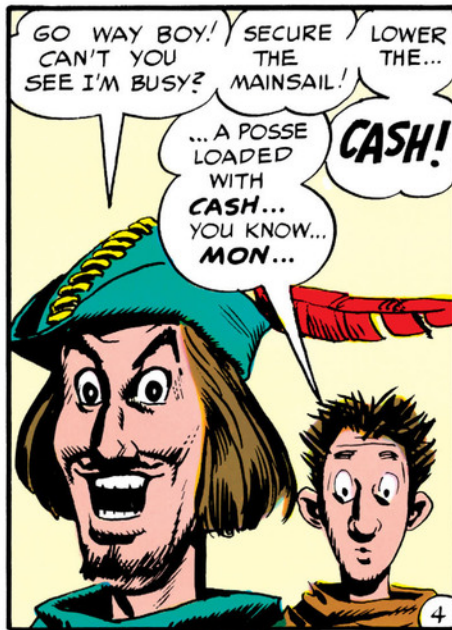
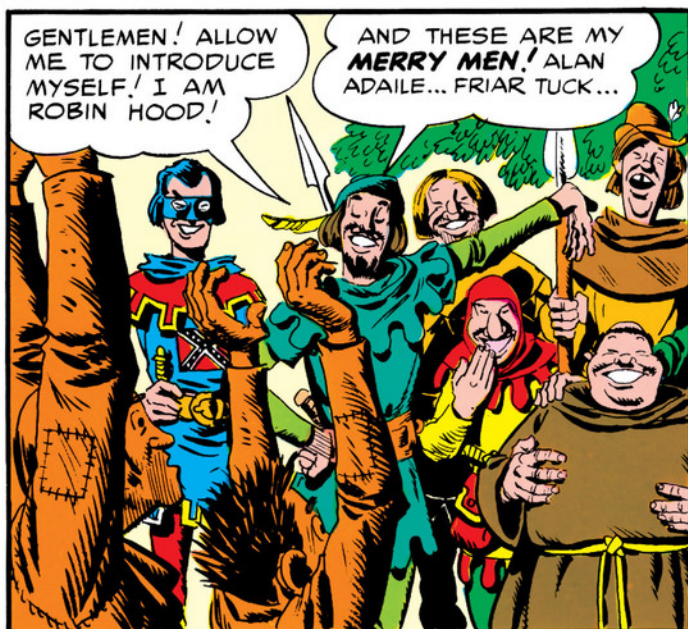




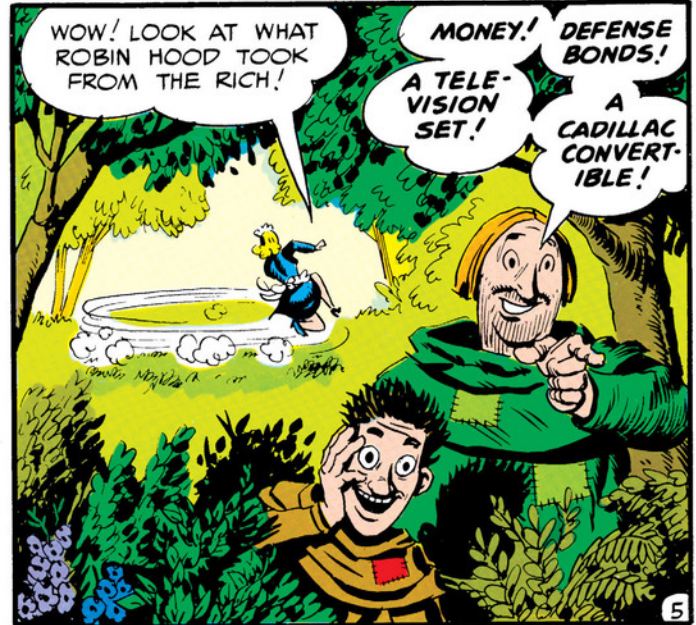
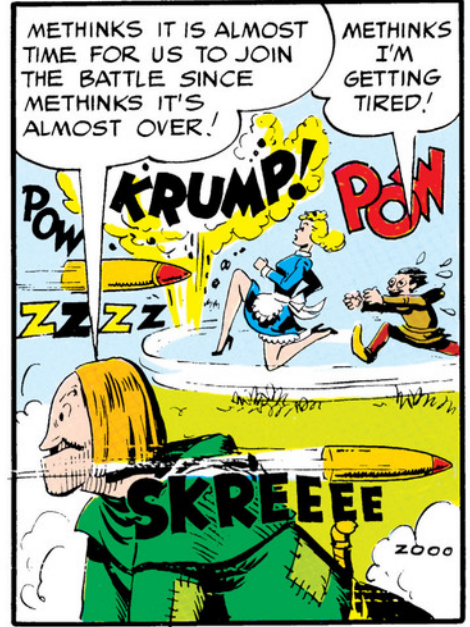
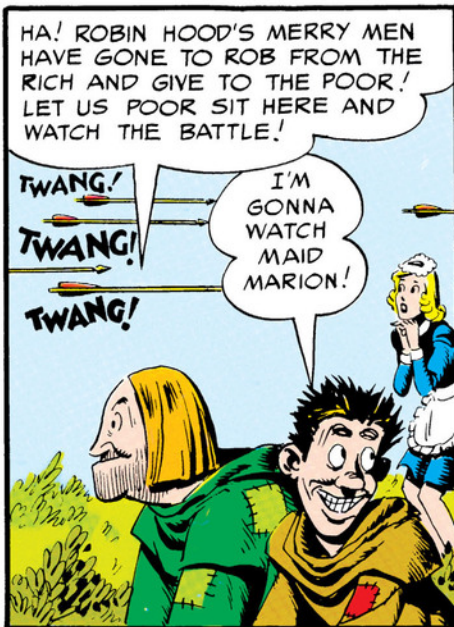
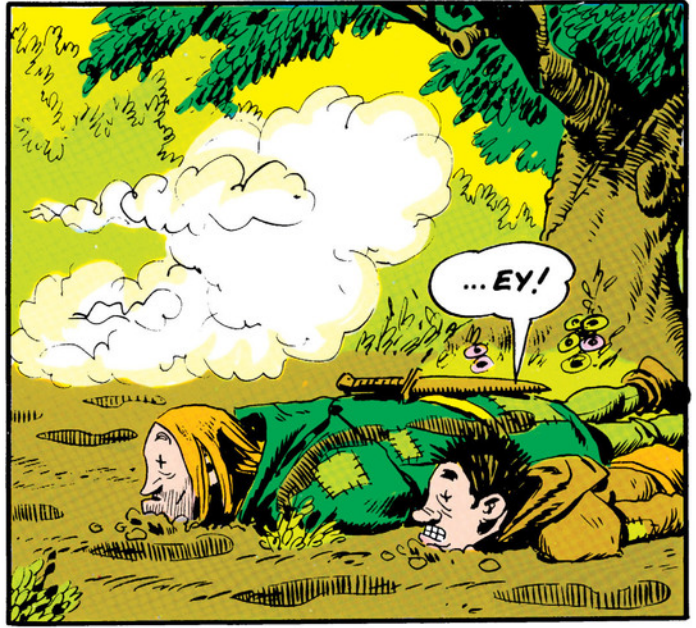




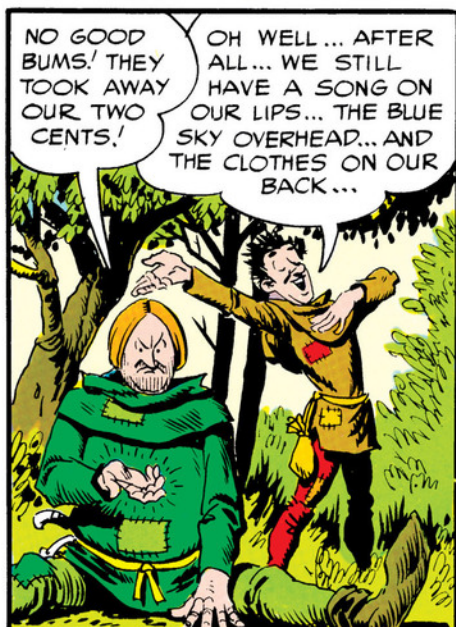
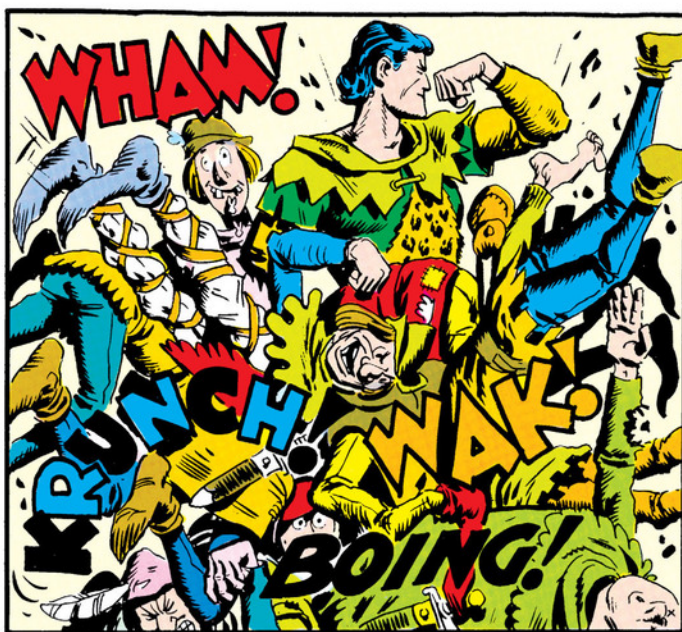






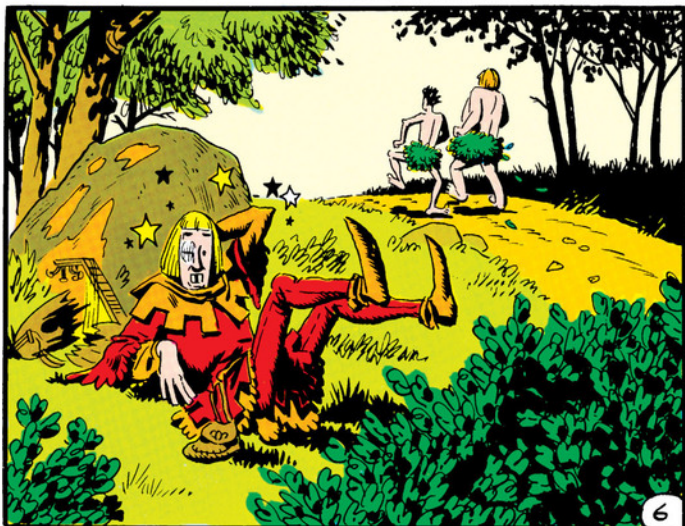
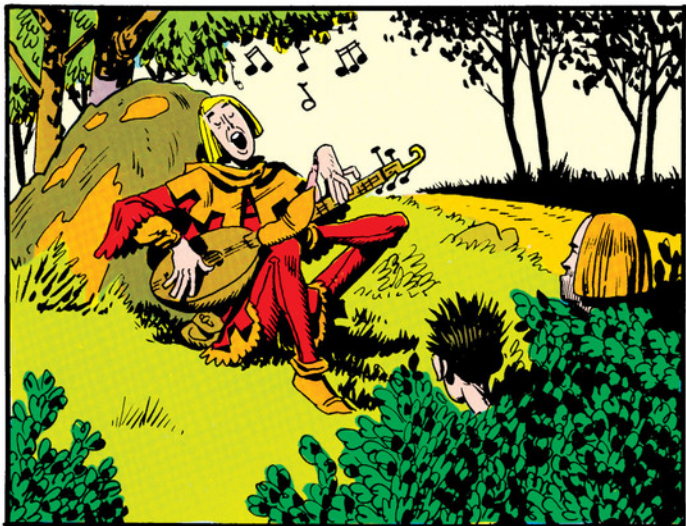






GO YE AWAY FROM THE DAYS OF YORE! GO YE AWAY FROM MERRY ENGLAND! GO YE AWAY FROM YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG IN YE FORESTS!

YE MINSTRELS NO LONGER HAVE A SONG...AND YE SKY IS NO LONGER BLUE! AN' YE MORAL TO YE STORY IS...NEVER TRUST A CROOK, EVEN IF IT'S ROBIN HOOD!





**CRIME DEPT.:** LAMONT SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN, HAS LONG AGO IN THE ORIENT LEARNED A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! HIS FRIEND AND COMPANION, MARGO PAIN, IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM BELONGS! MARGO CALLS HIM, FOR SHORT...

# SHADOW!

